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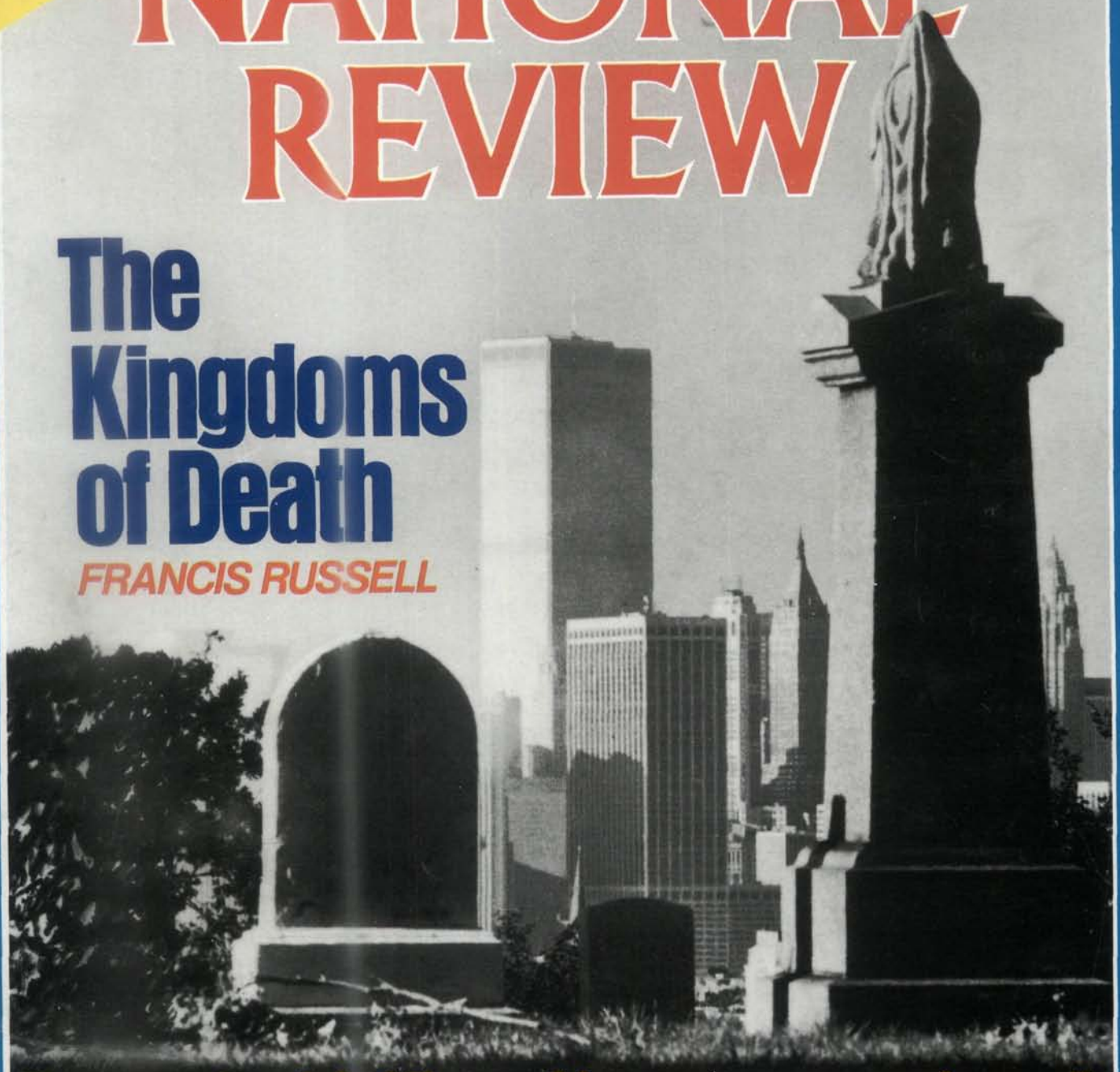
FEBRUARY 16, 1979

MEXICO:
om Caballeros to Oil Sheiks
—see page 222

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Kingdoms of Death

FRANCIS RUSSELL



"I crossed a picket line and became an ex-professor"

RONALD L. TROWBRIDGE

The Mont-Pélerin Society strikes again

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Donald Hall on Hugh Kenner ◆ Selden Rodman on Stephen Spender ◆ Thomas Molnar on Magstadt on Human Rights in the USSR

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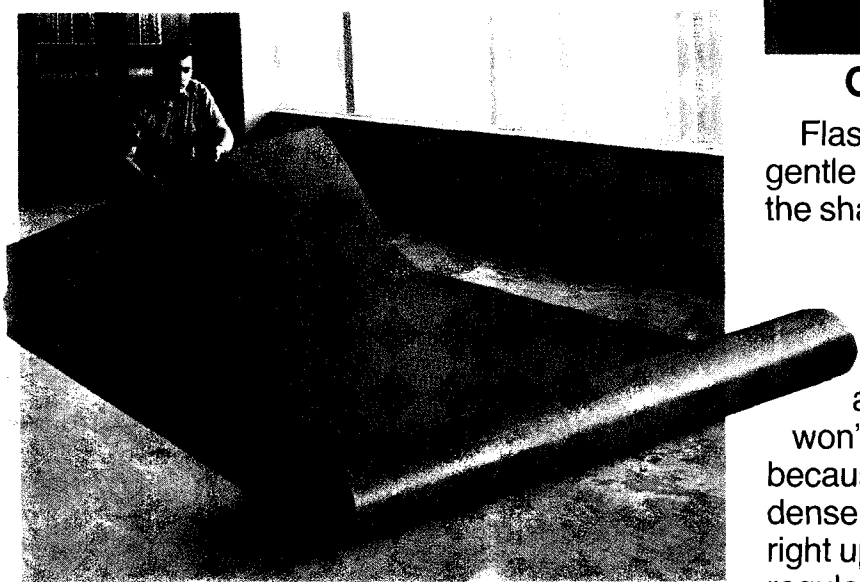

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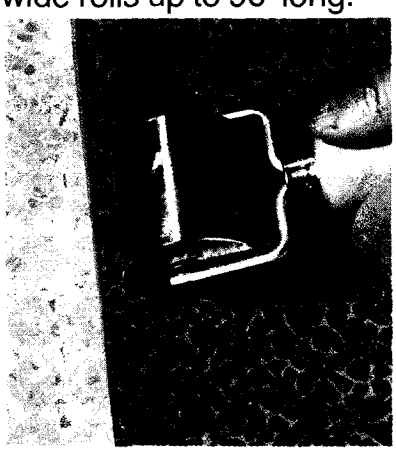

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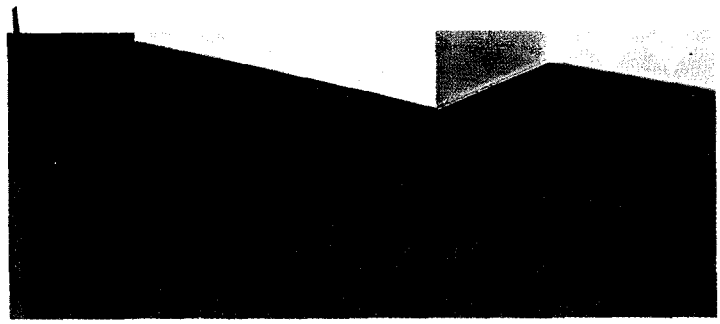

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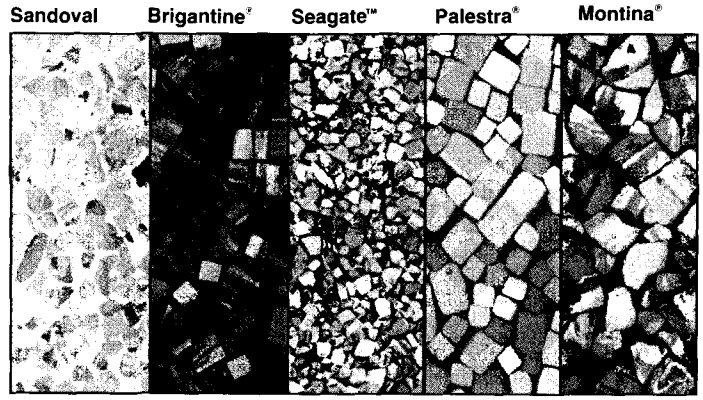

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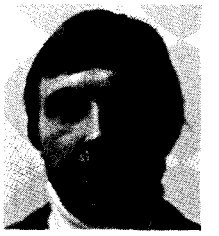

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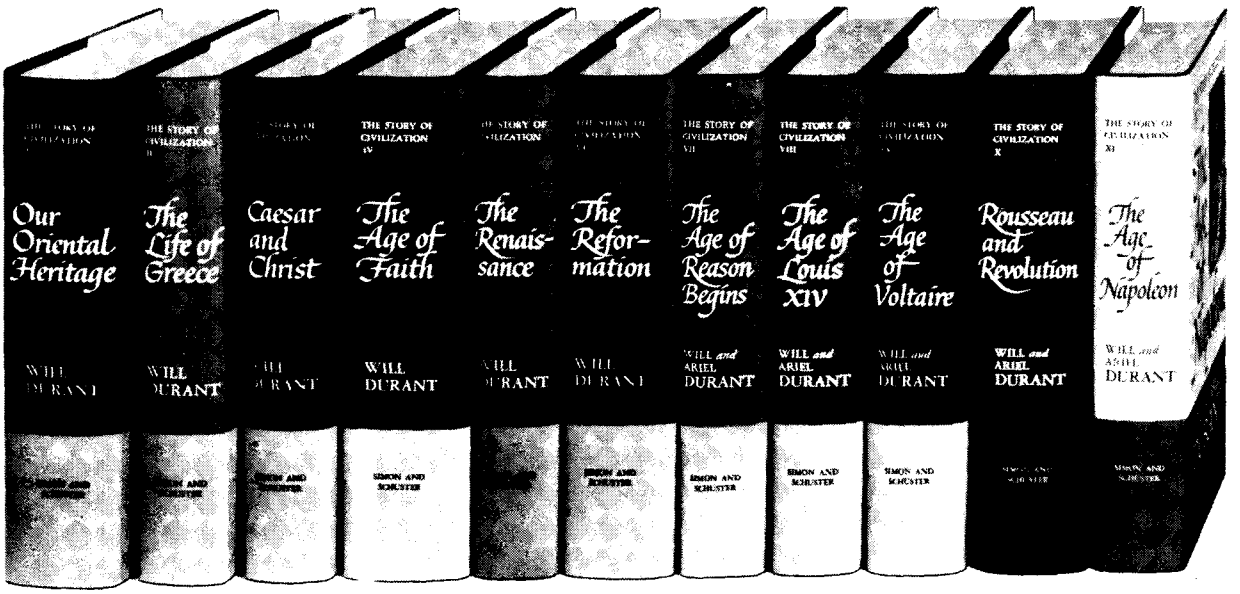

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Letters

Cooling the Nukes

Just as my interview with *NR* was going to press ["Understanding a Trillion-Dollar Question," Feb. 2], the story broke about the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) withdrawing its acceptance of the Rasmussen study on reactor safety; so the editors asked me to comment on that development.

Contrary to the impression given by much of the news media, the NRC did *not* conclude that reactors are more dangerous than indicated by the Rasmussen study. The only question is how accurately the dangers can be estimated. In my interview, I conceded that the uncertainties were large, and I gave equal treatment to estimates by the critics. Even if the latter are used, the risks of nuclear power are quite acceptable; in fact, nuclear power is still ten times safer than burning coal.

Another point is our actuarial experience with nuclear power. Rasmussen estimated that a loss-of-coolant accident, which is the principal precursor of the meltdown everyone fears, may be expected once in two thousand "years" of power reactor operation. We have already had eight hundred years of such operation around the world, plus over two thousand years of naval reactors which have similar safety problems, and there has been no hint of a loss-of-coolant accident yet. This indicates that the Rasmussen results cannot be gross underestimates of the danger.

Bernard L. Cohen
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Corrective Vision

". . . I discovered to my astonishment that if push came to shove I *could* do without the twentieth century materials altogether, but that I could *not* seem to do without Hippolytus and Aquinas and Nicolas of Cusa and *Theologia Germanica* and Maimonides and Pascal and Kierkegaard."

That was what I wrote, but when your typesetters finished with it, it meant the opposite: "I discovered to my astonishment that if I had to I *could* do without Hippolytus and Aquinas and . . ." etc. ["The Cusp of the Second Millennium," Jan. 5]. You must have had some holiday party at *NR*. Best wishes for good vision in the coming year.

Thomas C. Oden
Madison, N.J.

The Ethics of a Reviewer

In his review [Dec. 23], Dale Vree rudely dismisses Claes G. Ryn's *Democracy and the Ethical Life* as an insipid and irrelevant analysis of the present ills of democratic theory.

My most charitable response to Mr. Vree's review is that I think that he is hardly equipped to pass judgment on a book with which he has such an apparently slight acquaintance. I rather suspect that he had actually spent very little time reading the book in preparation for writing the review. A quick look at the dust-jacket, then 15 minutes or so reading a sentence here, a paragraph there, seems to have been sufficient for him. The result is a bundle of distortions and silly criticism. A few examples:

Item: Nowhere does Ryn argue that "morality requires a constitutional system of checks and balances that restrains the impulses of the lower classes . . ." The entire thrust of the book's thesis is in opposition to the position that holds that only a specific social class possesses a higher morality. Given the nature of man, Ryn's message is that the achievement of the higher will for all men involves a similar restraining of the arbitrary will.

Item: Mr. Vree mocks Ryn's conception of "good," but he gives little evidence of having understood it. The idea of the "ethical conscience" as the means by which man comes to apprehend the ethical ultimate eludes him.

Item: Ryn does not distrust public opinion and popular participation in decision-making. Rather, a specific kind of unrestrained majoritarianism, unchecked by constitutional restraints, alarms him. The Rousseauistic influences on modern democratic thought are primarily responsible for this development, and hence the object of Ryn's philosophical attack.

W. Wesley McDonald
Ellicott City, Md.

Mr. Vree Replies

I would be happy to Xerox my copy of Mr. Ryn's book and send it to Mr. McDonald, for when he sees all the underlinings and the marginal notations, he will surely withdraw his innuendo that I spent only "15 minutes or so" on the book. (Just for the record, I read the book word for word and reread several sections.) It is a curious epistemology that allows McDonald to know how long I spent on the book without asking me, and to imply that anyone who read Ryn carefully would applaud him. This is the epistemology of the dogmatist.

Ryn indicates on page 15 that he favors a government that "does not give free rein to the people's impulses of the mo-

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E. D. WHITE

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I have drafted every step—and here is where an educational background paid off, as it is refined to a logical, short easy to follow sequence. Thousands of dollars worth of brain-power and thousands of hours of testing and refining are available to those who are sincere and decisive.

The value of the 2 programs is priceless, if they indeed have the guaranteed results described. Once experienced, you would be willing to pay a lot more than the $12 I'm asking you to invest in your own financial well-being or at least to test without risk.

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ment, but requires of public decisions that they be reached in a certain deliberative way." That was what Jerry Brown was saying just before the "impulsive" people of California rudely passed Proposition 13 and sent the state's professional deliberators into a frenzy. When decisions are made "in a certain deliberative way" that means they are made by elites—Ryn himself acknowledges this on pages 200-201. And in our society, as in almost every society, elites are disproportionately drawn from the prosperous classes.

McDonald says I mock Ryn's understanding of "the good," giving little evidence of having understood it. Unfortunately, if Ryn himself understands what he means by it he does not tell his readers; nor does McDonald tell us. Amazingly, Ryn himself confesses on page 76 that "what little has been said and will be said on the subject here is likely to seem thin and abstract." Sorry, Mr. McDonald, but vague appeals to "ethical conscience" are poor substitutes for cognitive communication.

McDonald claims that Ryn does not distrust public opinion and popular participation in decision-making and yet admits that Ryn does distrust "a specific kind of unrestrained majoritarianism" (which neither McDonald nor Ryn specifies). I am mystified. It's fine to say that Rousseau is bad and constitutional restraints are good, but that doesn't take us very far. A major point I wished to make (and which the editors deleted for reasons of space) was that Ryn's praise of constitutionalism is (to quote my manuscript) "easily accomplished since plebiscitary democracy can hardly be considered a viable form of government (except for the tiniest and most unusual of societies). Ryn spends sixty pages on Rousseau, whom he sets up as *the* theorist of plebiscitary democracy. But since Rousseau is one of the most confused political theorists who ever ruminated about the good society, this straw-man is knocked over with little effort. By imposing a false choice between constitutional democracy and Rousseau, Ryn evades most of the interesting questions about the optimal extent of popular participation in government."

Dale Vree
El Cerrito, Calif.

Disarming the Monitor

It is true that the *Christian Science Monitor* is one of the nation's most reliable sources of news. Its format has always been considered by journalism schools as a model of presentation ["A Conservative Applauds the *Monitor*," by John K. Andrews Jr., Jan. 5]. Nonetheless, this paper has an Achilles heel, which denies it a place as a paladin of the Republic: its stance on domestic disarmament.

One of the first nationally distributed publications to call for the expropriation of small arms from unoffending citizens, in the 1960s, the *Monitor* has never relented in its position of utter know-nothingism on this complex issue. It is even police-statist in its nuances. Articles have been used from empirically questionable sources, while valid evidence has been routinely suppressed. The three huge commitments of nineteenth century liberalism in America were emancipation, suffrage, and prohibition. For the *Monitor* the target has been changed from a bottle of booze to a firearm.

Ray E. Traband
Albuquerque, N.M.

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NEW EVIDENCE PROVES IT: THE DEATH PENALTY *DOES* DETER CRIME

Ghastly. Barbaric. Unthinkable. A throwback to the Dark Ages.

Capital punishment has been called all these things and more. Liberal reformers crusade against it. Trendy clerics denounce it. Weak-kneed judges are reluctant to impose it.

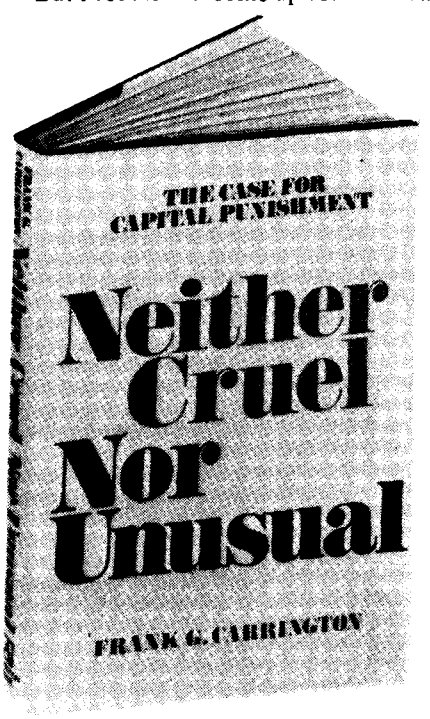
Yet the astonishing fact remains Americans overwhelmingly believe in the death penalty, and want it restored Murderers deserve it, most people feel —the ultimate punishment for the ultimate crime. Frank Carrington, a tough-minded Chicago attorney, thinks the public's instinct is sound. Drawing on the latest scholarly research, he offers fresh arguments for capital punishment as a legitimate and *effective* weapon in the fight against crime.

Opponents of capital punishment have spent nearly two centuries building their case. Frank Carrington weighs their arguments and finds them—empty. Does the death penalty deter killers? New evidence gathered by leading criminologists confirms that it does. Do Negroes get executed more often than whites? Carrington sweeps away this liberal bugaboo with hard facts. Is capital punishment immoral? Shouldn't we try to rehabilitate criminals rather than kill them? Is the death penalty "cruel and unusual" under the Constitution? Where does the Supreme Court stand? Frank Carrington answers every question with the ease of an able attorney who has his case down cold.

Books opposing capital punishment sprout up like weeds. Most of them ooze phony compassion for the killer—but somehow overlook the agonies of the victim, and his family. Frank Carrington restores the balance. He writes for the millions of citizens whose blood boils when they hear that Charles Manson and Richard Speck are watching color TV, eating filet mignon at the taxpayers' expense, and looking forward to parole.

Their victims never had it so easy.

- **Richard F. Speck** butchered eight student nurses in their Chicago townhouse in July 1966. Sentenced to death, he was spared by the federal courts. Speck became eligible for parole in 1976—after nine years.
- **Charles Manson and his "Clan"** stood trial for ten sadistic movieland killings. All were convicted and sentenced to die. But the California Supreme Court threw out the death penalty. The Manson Clan will be eligible for parole after seven years.
- California doctor **Geza De Kaplany** strapped his beautiful young wife to a bed, then mutilated and charred 60% of her body with acid. Her ears and eyelids were eaten away. Her breasts and genitals were hideously disfigured. After twelve years behind bars, Dr. De Kaplany was paroled in 1976.
- **Freddie Martin** selected old people. While on parole from burglary and narcotics convictions, he robbed and choked an 85-year-old woman. She lived; he did four years. Paroled again, he robbed, tortured, and murdered *four* elderly people. The judge gave him 150-450 years in the Illinois State Penitentiary. But Freddie will come up for his *third* parole in eleven years and three months.



Capital Punishment: Four Perspectives

"There is no justification for the death penalty. . . . Why cannot we revere life and in so doing create in the hearts of our people a love for mankind that will finally still violence?" —*Ramsey Clark*

"I got no feelings about anything I've done. . . . I don't mind people getting hurt because I just like to watch it."
—*mass murderer Walter Kelbach*

"You cannot have it both ways. If you go to bat for the 'sanctity' of the life of the murderer, you are by definition taking a stance completely opposed to his victim or victims."
—*Frank Carrington*

"Victims don't have rights."
—*Alan Goldstein, Maryland chapter ACLU*

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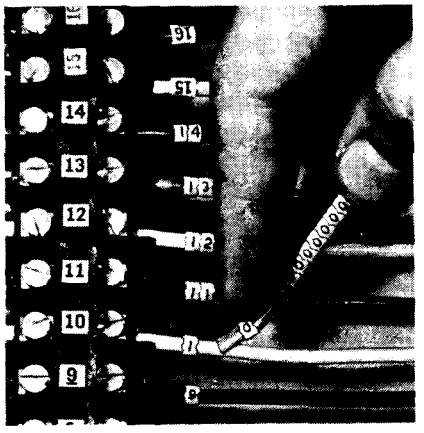

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Fact and F. E. Smith

While I am delighted to see F. E. Smith still being celebrated in the United States, I feel impelled, as the author of a full-length biography to be published in Britain in 1980, to correct two of the more glaring errors in Duncan Williams' somewhat ill-digested piece ["The Cleverest Man in England," Nov. 24].

First, it is sheer nonsense to claim that "but for his tragically early death," F.E. "would undoubtedly have become Prime Minister." For one thing, it was already, by 1923 at the latest, an established principle that a member of the House of Lords could not be Prime Minister. For another, F.E. had actually resigned from the Baldwin government and retired from fully active politics in 1928, two years before he died. Above all, though his gifts were greatly admired, F.E. never enjoyed the sort of wide popular and party support necessary to win the highest office. The "cleverest" men rarely become Prime Minister—or President.

Second, Mr. Williams is quite wrong about the origin of F.E.'s nickname, "Galloper." This has nothing to do with his famous after-dinner race against Milligan around Tom Quad in 1920, but dates from his association with Carson in encouraging the resistance of Ulster to Irish Home Rule in 1912-14. It was the liberal press which satirically dubbed him Carson's "galloper" when he was photographed riding a few paces behind Carson at an inspection of the Ulster Volunteer Force. The word is an army term, simply meaning a junior officer or aide-de-camp.

John Campbell
London

"The Cleverest Man in England" certainly lived up to its title. F. E. Smith clearly had the gift of thinking up instantly those retorts which come to the rest of us half an hour later, if they come at all; and he lacked the cowardice or kindliness that would keep most of us from saying them even if we did think them up in time.

As Mr. Williams documents, many Englishmen found that Smith's cleverness excused the rest of his behavior. A small but prestigious number, however, did not —especially after the Casement trial in 1916. Mr. Williams mentions that Smith "took part in" the prosecution of Roger Casement for treason; he does not mention that Smith himself—earlier in his career, in Ulster—had engaged in what we would now call paramilitary actions that would have made *him* subject to the same prosecution, had anyone cared to press the case; nor does he mention that Smith, not content with getting Casement convicted, forestalled the possibility of a reprieve by convincing British public opinion, through a series of innuendos, that Casement was a practicing homosexual.

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G. K. Chesterton's once-famous poem on Smith was far from disinterested, but, in light of the Casement business, the tone of it seems justified:

It would greatly, I must own,
Soothe me, Smith!
If you left this theme alone,
Holy Smith!
For your legal cause or civil
You fight well and get your fee;
For your God or dream or devil
You will answer, not to me.
Talk about the pews and steeples
And the cash that goes therewith.
But the souls of Christian peoples . . .
Chuck it, Smith!

Gervase Thomson
Belmont, Mass.

Mr. Williams Replies

In reply to Mr. John Campbell's letter regarding my article, may I first say that I was somewhat mystified by his description of it as "ill-digested." I was neither "ill" when I wrote it, nor did I experience any symptoms of dyspepsia after concluding it. I did stress a) that it was difficult to separate legend and fact regarding the life and exploits of the late F. E. Smith, and b) that it was impossible to do more than attempt to capsulate his varied career in a comparatively short article.

Regarding Mr. Campbell's major issues of contention, I concede that I was guilty of exaggeration in claiming that "but for his tragically early death, he [F.E.] would undoubtedly have become Prime Minister." What I meant was that had it not been for his fatal weaknesses (drinking bouts, low-living, etc.), which contributed to his early demise, he had all the necessary qualities—leadership, "charisma," oratorical skill, and a rapport with many of the "common" people—which, in his earlier years, before he entered the House of Lords, might well have enabled him to become Prime Minister.

As for the origin of F.E.'s nickname "Galloper," I can only declare, as Dr. Johnson did regarding an erroneous definition in his dictionary, that it was due to "pure ignorance."

In any event I hope my article will have whetted the appetite of your readers sufficiently to boost the sales of Mr. Campbell's full-length biography of Birkenhead when it appears in 1980.

Duncan Williams
Oxford

Through Rain and Sleet

Donald Hall's "The Mail Animal" [Dec. 22] was wonderful—or, as Vladimir Brusiloff would say, "Great! Great! Grand! Superb! Hot stuff!" It reminded me intermittently of "The Mark on the Wall," *Lucky Jim*, and *Diary of a Madman*—not bad company. I do hope no

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1978
National Review
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other editor was tomfool enough to "put it on hold" before *NR* took it.

Elizabeth Emerson
Baltimore, Md.

Glad to have read DH's confessions—needless to say, I had got LS's side of the story some time ago; this puts a different complexion on matters. Naturally, considering his present condition, I could not, nor would I, hold his preposterous remarks about myself against him. I should like to send him a few condolence cards—do you know if he is still in the county dog pound?

RF
New York, N.Y.

I believe the following letter answers RF's question. —LB

I want everyone who read Mr. Hall's "The Mail Animal" to know that I had no idea what anguish I was causing him. I have refused to press charges, and I visited him after he received his rabies shots and was released from the pound, to tell him that from now on he would be first on my route—although I still cannot be held responsible for the amount or quality of his mail.

Mort
Danbury, N.H.

Chinese Faith

Chinese are faithless, according to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn ["Chinese Puzzle," Dec. 22] because Buddhism is "not a religion" and Confucianism is "a system of practical wisdom" resulting in a peculiar form of individualism which he finds "chillingly self-serving." In fact, Confucian ethics and individualism are antithetical. In Confucian writings individuals are subsumed within a network of social relationships. All the participants in these social roles are thought to benefit equally from this harmonious order.

It is generally known that Chinese do not practice religion fervently. That does not mean that they will run over children with their cars or disregard people in danger of drowning. It is also true that Chinese stress a philosophy of humanitarianism, tending to put man at the center of the universe. But this is a far cry from alleging that they are unscrupulous and self-serving. The idea that China lacks faith or absolute values, thus opening the path to totalitarian domination and enslavement, is borrowed from John Fairbanks. For *NR* this is not the best source.

S. Eng
Floral Park, N.Y.

Hot Poppas

Your publication of "The Legend of Buddy Bolden" [Jan. 19] by Tom Bethell was most admirable. Jazz is our country's greatest artistic creation and too little is generally known of its origin. I did some jazz research in the late 1930s and never found any noticeable stigma attached to jazz among blacks as referred to by Mr. Bethell. The music was loved, and jazz musicians were glamorous heroes, especially in New Orleans.

The stigma felt by Bolden's wife more probably came from her ex-husband's reputation as one of those "old-time hot poppas," which Mr. Bethell admitted he did not understand. This involves putting present-day thoughts into turn-of-the-century minds. If anything, there is more stigma on jazz today than there was in turn-of-the-century New Orleans, and less on male philandering. Besides, what woman would be proud of an ex-mate who walked down the street with three women, all satisfied—in 1900 or even now?

Campbell Holmes
Los Angeles, Calif.

Points and More Points

The Cato Institute is most grateful to M. Stanton Evans for his recent and generous endorsement of the Institute's new book series on Austrian economics, "Studies in Economic Theory" ["Dark Horses," Jan. 19]. Unfortunately, Mr. Evans directed NATIONAL REVIEW readers to a publishing firm (Sheed, Andrews, & McMeel) which no longer handles the series. Instead, inquiries and/or orders should be sent directly to: Academic Affairs, Cato Institute, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94111.

The titles in this series include new and important works by contemporary Austrian economists, plus new editions of major writings by Carl Menger, Ludwig von Mises, Ludwig Lachmann, Israel M. Kirzner, Murray N. Rothbard, and others.

David J. Theroux
San Francisco, Calif.

Perhaps *NR* is fixated on Jane Fonda's opposition to the Vietnam War or perhaps John Simon ["For Consenting Adolescents," Jan. 5] simply missed the beginning of *Comes a Horseman*. For the record, the film is set at the end of World War II. A couple of references to James Caan having fought the Japanese should have made it clear enough; this also explains why the characters drive around in funny old cars when not on horseback.

Fenwick Anderson
Urbana, Ill.

Hippo of Alexandria may indeed have devised a steam turbine in the first century B.C. as your editorial, "The Story" ["The Week," Feb. 2], asserts; but the fellow who usually gets the credit is Hero, of the same city.

Gabriel Simms
Cincinnati, Ohio

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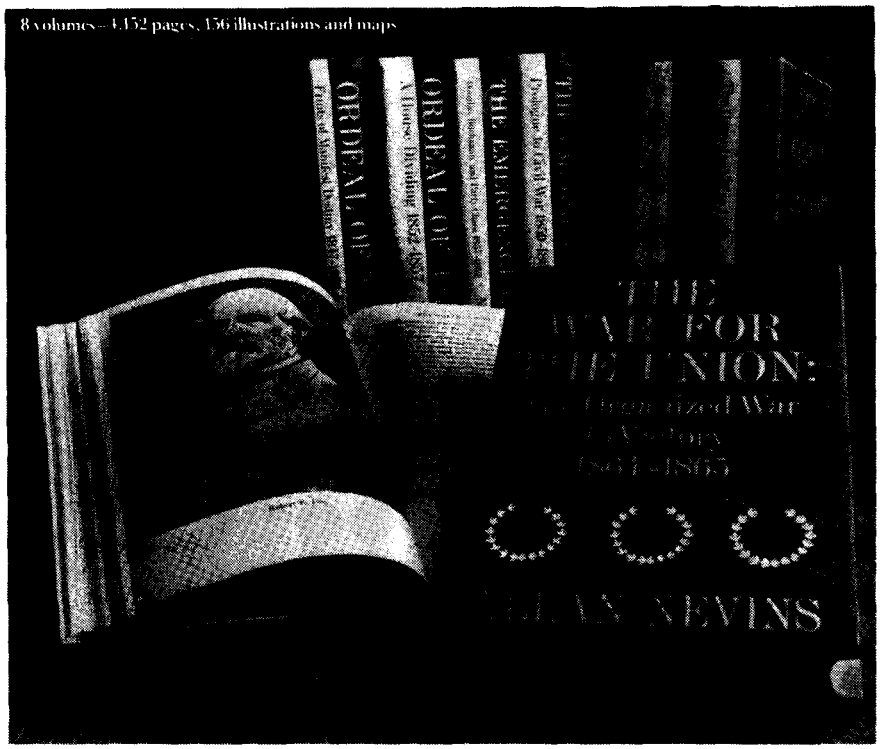

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FOR THE RECORD

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Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

■ Sen. **Sam Nunn** (D., Ga.) has introduced legislation that would require draft-age males to register with their draft boards. Defense Secretary **Harold Brown** has recommended that any legislation to re-introduce the draft should include females. . . . Soviet military spending surpassed U.S. by 45 per cent last year, says a **CIA study**. Soviets put three times as much as U.S. into strategic nuclear missiles and bombers and more than twice as much into non-nuclear weapons. In its report to **House Armed Services Committee**, CIA says U.S. surpassed Russians in spending for support forces, including Coast Guard, headquarters staff, and foreign military aid. . . . Congressional liberals are going after the defense budget. At a Washington press conference of **Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy**, Sen. **George McGovern**, Rep. **Parren Mitchell**, **William Winpisinger** of **International Association of Machinists** blasted Carter's "foolish and dangerous priorities."

■ **George Bush**, former CIA Director and former chairman of **Republican National Committee**, has become first person to qualify for federal matching campaign funds for 1980 presidential election. **James A. Baker III** is chairman of Bush for President Committee. Baker was **Ford's** campaign manager in 1976. . . . **John Connally** is getting the best in New Hampshire. Reports are that **Eddie Mahe**, who was instrumental in the upset victory of **Gordon Humphrey** over incumbent **Thomas McIntyre**, will mastermind Connally's run for the roses there. Connally isn't awed by **Reagan's** position as front-runner: "There ain't a horse that can't be rode and a rider that can't be throwed." . . . Reagan's position isn't hurt by his **Citizens for the Republic**; the Reagan political action group is reported to have dished out more than $640,000 to Republicans of all persuasions in November races. . . . Howard Baker has formed a committee to study his presidential probabilities. Baker says this "does not constitute an announcement, but it does constitute an obvious interest." . . . Finally, the dark horse, **Lowell Weicker** of Connecticut, says he will announce by mid-March "or I don't stand a chance."

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THE WEEK

■ Headline of the week, from the *Washington Post*: "U.S. Strives to Understand Moslems."

■ Note this, and remember it. At the White House dinner honoring Teng, President Carter in his toast celebrated "the newly established diplomatic relations between the Governments of the United States and the People's Republic of China." Normal diplomatic usage. In his toast, however, Teng nowhere referred to the legitimate government of this country. He drank to "the health" of the President, and to "the great American people," etc. Teng is supposed to be a pragmatist, but this language represents standard Communist usage. From a Communist perspective, the present U.S. Government is illegitimate, and transitory. At the White House, Teng was orthodox.

■ The 10 per cent increase in defense spending in the President's 1980 budget, which will allow Carter to meet his pledge to NATO of a 3 per cent real increase—assuming that his inflation forecast is correct—has met with the usual gnashing of teeth. Apparently, defending the country and shoring up what's left of our credibility with the remnant of our allies are not "unmet needs"—like income security (which went up 13 per cent in the new budget), housing assistance (up 20 per cent), and workers' compensation for federal employees (up 33 per cent). Remember the boat people? Well, the budget didn't. Refugee assistance in the 1980 budget actually declines.

■ Democrats are urging the Carter Administration to keep American troops in South Korea. Senators Nunn (Ga.), Glenn (Ohio), and Hart (Colo.) made the demand in the wake of an army intelligence report which raised estimates of North Korean ground strength from 440,000 to 500,000. Representative Samuel Stratton (D., N.Y.) also plans to hold hearings in the House Armed Services Committee on the withdrawal plans. Vietnam's blitz through Cambodia, world opinion be damned, has created a bullish market in dominoes in Washington.

■ Accuracy in Media, Inc., through its *AIM Report* (Reed Irvine, editor), continues to man the ramparts in defense of civil discourse. In a recent issue the *Report* zeroes in on WGBH Educational Foundation, in Boston, which passed the hat to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and several foundations, asking money to finance a series of nine reports on world affairs. It got $1.2 million and proceeded, instead, to produce 13 programs not one of which had been named in the prospectus. "One would think," says AIM, "that donors who were persuaded to give hundreds of thousands of dollars to fund programs on such subjects as Europolitics, NATO, multinational corporations, and energy would feel cheated when they found that what they had paid for were such things as a North Korean propaganda film, a propaganda film about sports in Cuba, and peanut farming in Senegal." The screwees were the CPB, the Charles Merrill Trust, the Polaroid Corporation, the Ford Foundation, the German Marshall Fund, and the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation. And like all victims of a truly professional Big Con, they think they got their money's worth.

■ Why did the Palestine Liberation Organization ask (unsuccessfully) the UN's "Special Unit on Palestine" to obtain the ABC documentary *Terror in the Promised Land* for showing at the UN's Palestine Day? Answer: Because it presented the PLO viewpoint better than the UN's own film. The ABC film showed pictures of Jews being chased out of Jerusalem in 1948 and described the scene as "Jews driving the Arabs out of Palestine"; accompanied Arab scenes with inspirational music, Jewish scenes with silence; showed the squalor of refugee camps in Arab countries but not the relative prosperity of 700,000 Arabs living in Israel; described PLO actions as "courageous," never as murderous. Accordingly, the Central Committee of American Rabbis has asked the National News Council to review the ABC documentary, to determine whether it was an objective news presentation or a "propagandistic apologia for the terrorist activities of the PLO." For its part, ABC claims, not that its program was balanced or fair, but that it was an examination of "the Palestinian perception of right and wrong." Relativism in the media has come a long way when terrorism is presented without even implicit judgment on its rights or wrongs. Apart from the substantive question of Palestine, is ABC neutral on the rights and wrongs of terrorism? Well, come to think of it, yes, probably. You can hardly expect ABC to do better on Palestine than the World Council of Churches has done on Rhodesia.

■ Not gifted with the political insight or patience of an Andrew Young, historian Hugh Thomas, author of the definitive books on both the Spanish and Cuban revolutions, can't view the Cuban presence as equably as our UN Ambassador. In the January 11 London *Daily Telegraph*, after cataloguing the numbers of Cuban troops in various African countries, Thomas bluntly concludes that "since the Cubans reached Africa in 1975, the cold war, a convenient substitute for the Third World War, just as the Cubans are a substitute for the Russians, is well and

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truly re-engaged . . . all prejudices, loyalties, or past commitments should be revised in light of that stark fact. 'Detente' designates a mirage, not an oasis."

■ The bare statement is certainly true: any country that can wage war as Vietnam has been doing against Cambodia would not appear to be "a suffering people" in need of humanitarian foreign aid. Thus, Prime Minister Ullstein of Sweden has threatened an end to the millions of dollars a year Vietnam is getting from the Scandinavian countries. Ullstein hasn't gone so far, however, as to suggest that funds now going to Vietnam should be diverted to Thailand, Malaysia, and other nations that are caring for Vietnamese, Cambodian, and Laotian refugees.

■ Viktor Bublik had to abandon his first three attempts to flee Russia for fear that he would be caught. Last summer he made his fourth attempt. Early in June he quit his job at a lumber camp near the rim of the Arctic Circle to begin training for his flight to the West. At the end of June, having memorized a detailed map of the area he would be crossing, he began his trek to the Finnish border 375 miles away. Threading his way around the land mines, he made it to the border in seven days, sustaining himself by chewing tea leaves and drinking an especially powerful brew of tea that former labor-camp inmates had promised would make him forget hunger and sleep. After walking along the border for one day, searching for a way to breach the twin barbed-wire fences separating Russia and Finland, Bublik discovered a pipe that passed underneath the border, and squeezed through to Finland. Then, fearing the Finns would repatriate him, he decided to continue on to Sweden. He arrived in Stockholm 17 days later, where the Swedish immigration office granted him a residence permit.

Gurbutt Rothco

"All we needed now was an oil price increase."

Sincerely, Teddy

Of all the words of tongue and pen,
I think the biggest con
Is Teddy clucking like a hen,
"We must defend Taiwan."

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Oh, by the way—the liberation of Southeast Asia continues apace. From *U.S. News & World Report*, a little datum about some old friends of ours: "Intelligence sources tell the White House that, in addition to overrunning Cambodia, the Vietnamese are using poison gas in a campaign of genocide to wipe out Meo tribesmen in Laos who sided with the U.S. during the Indochina War."

■ Getting closer: The Cubans are now openly training Rhodesian anti-government guerrillas. The only reason the Cubans have kept as low a profile as they have is caution on the part of the guerrillas' host countries, Zambia and Mozambique. Zambia in particular is worried about the effect of the guerrillas on her own stability. However, while there are still only a hundred or so Cubans in Zambia, there are now a thousand in Mozambique, fighting alongside the guerrilla troops and training them to fly MiG-21s.

■ The Italian Communist Party (PCI), long advertised as Marxism with a difference, has withdrawn support from the Andreotti government, shelving, temporarily at least, the "historic compromise." Frustrated over the government's unwillingness either to admit the PCI into the cabinet or to consider PCI views, Party leader Berlinguer announced that "Our permanence in the majority that supports the government has become impossible." Andreotti has predictably resigned, and there will be an attempt to patch together a new government, which, if it fails, will be followed by a new election. Neither of the major parties particularly wants an election now, but each, for its own reasons, may be willing to face it. The PCI believes its support of Andreotti has alienated its natural constituency and wants to recover that support; in particular, the PCI fears having to back the government's proposed three-year economic program which includes measures to restrain wages, control inflation, and increase productivity. The Christian Democrats hope that the combination of decline, disorder, and terrorism plus the blurred Communist image will favor the conservatives in a new election. So what becomes of "Euro-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

There are some stories we refuse to check out. Take the story of John Connally's payoff trial. Legend has it that the turning point occurred when the Reverend Billy Graham, one of Big Jawn's character witnesses, took the stand. As is the custom in such proceedings, Graham was asked to state his occupation. Graham replied in his best hallelujah voice, "I preach the Gospel of the Lord," to which the Washington jury, largely of the black persuasion, chorused: "Amen." Case closed.

We refuse to check out that story because, whatever the facts in the matter, it bears the seal of existential authority. John Connally is a can-do politician, the last of his generation. His obsession is results, while all about him are "involved in the process." He grabs power and money and position, while the rest of the pack preserves options and calibrates credibility. And he does it all in a slam-bang style that confuses and offends the professional spectators here. He runs his mouth above the 55 mph limit. As Big Jawn's cousin once remarked, "John could talk a dog off a meat wagon."

These thoughts come jumbling through the typewriter at the end of an extraordinary week. The only President we have—who gained the homecourt advantage with his State of the Union address—was upstaged by not one, not two, but three unemployed tourists. The opening act was Ronald Reagan, in the Capital for some quiet deal-making with congressional Republicans. He surfaced just frequently enough to answer the pressing question. Yes, the man looks like a million dollars. Forget what his birth certificate says, he has spring in the joints and a gleam in the eye. Our brethren in the press, it seemed to this observer of observers, were a mite disappointed. Save those more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger stories for another day.

Next up was George Bush, who sandwiched in a major foreign policy address at Georgetown between bunches of private meetings. Bush has filed his campaign committee with the Federal Election Commission, which is to say that he is legally if not avowedly a candidate for the Presidency. In the Carter era—a political epoch in which it is believed that simply anybody can be elected President—Bush argues plausibly that his own chances cannot be dismissed. He is one of the world's most agreeable men, dead honest and highly experienced in areas of national moment: security, diplomacy, and commerce.

After watching him closely for a few days, we conclude that he is the most formidable candidate put forward by the Eastern Establishment in the last ten years. He may be a Texan by residence, but he springs from what Herman Kahn has called the stoic tradition, those well-born men of high civic spirit who have managed the nation's external affairs for most of the postwar period. That tradition embraces the Dulles brothers, the Rockefellers, John McCloy, and, unmistakably, George Bush. His world is the world of prep schools and board rooms and paneled clubs and the stoics' alma mater, the Central Intelligence Agency. What remains of the liberal GOP apparatus has already swung behind Bush, leaving Illinois' Big Jim Thompson wondering where he left his pants.

Bush is a sometime student of Republican arithmetic and he understands that talk of a "new Rockefeller" is not designed to advance his cause. At the same time he recognizes the realities of primary life. The early primaries—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut—will be put-up or shut-up time for Bush. He must do "surprisingly well" in New England or he is finished. And to do well he must call in his regional markers, most of which are indelibly establishmentarian. A difficult Northeast Passage.

The reason why Bush must score early and often is that Big Jawn Connally is waiting for him at the Texas border. Big Jawn knows a Texan when he sees one, and if the refined, lank-haired, pasty-faced Bush is a Texan, then Big Jawn's a goldurn Ugandan. There are few things in this life that Big Jawn would enjoy more than a Texas showdown with that young fellow from the eastern part of the state—the area that's better known as Connecticut.

When Connally, batting clean-up, took over the town's podium last week, he appeared to be just a tad larger than the other three candidates. If a man can be said to swagger while talking, then it can be so said of Connally. He radiates power and self-confidence in a political style now all but forgotten. He believes that the essence of leadership is the willingness to lead and that the essence of good staff work is the willingness to toast the English muffins and carry the airline bag. A clear-headed sort, he's even managed to keep straight the sexual roles of men and women.

So commanding was the Connally presence that, for a moment here and there, he seemed embarrassed by the stark contrast with the wispy little fellow in the White House. When the rhetorical juices really began to flow, Big Jawn started picking on somebody his own size. Ted Kennedy. —CATO

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communism"? The draft Declaration of Principles to be submitted to the PCI Conference in March reaffirms commitment to an "historic compromise," and to a "process of Socialist transformation different from [that of] the Soviet Union." But the Communists have upped the ante and now demand membership in the cabinet as the alternative to resumed opposition. Actually this should surprise no one. While the chilly wind from the PCI may have shattered some fatuous illusions about Eurocommunism, it is consistent with the historic Communist attitude toward coalitions. The objective is to gain power, if not from within, then from without. Watch for changes within the PCI as Berlinguer defers increasingly to his own hardliners.

■ Nine minor West German TV networks have broadcast *Holocaust* (after the nation's two major networks rejected it), and it has been the sensation of the year. Despite some patriotic indignation at its portrait of Germany, most found it a fascinating study of a subject that has been too long suppressed. And still is, in some quarters: one East German who managed to pick it up re-

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marked that it could never be broadcast in his country: "Too pro-Zionist."

■ On January 23, a great gentleman and a friend of freedom was expelled from the U.S. by the State Department, a new high in incivility even for the present crowd. For 15 years, I. Cheng "Gene" Loh has been director of Taiwan's Information Service in New York. He has been an invaluable resource, and he developed excellent media relations. He broke no laws and violated no regulations, and the China Information Service is duly registered under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. Nonetheless, apparently the State Department—perhaps under pressure from Peking—informed Taipei on January 20 that Gene Loh had 72 hours to vamoose. Okay, that's one more score to settle with the Carter people at State, and the list grows.

■ Not a good week to be a Catholic in New York. First a bunch of liberal ministers and rabbis picketed St. Patrick's to protest the Church's "spirit of intolerance" on abortion. Then, after the Pope warned the Latin American bishops of the hazards of political activism, the *Times* ran a solemn high editorial on the "disappointing speech," asking "how priests can minister to the spiritual needs of their deprived and neglected people without somehow working to alleviate the conditions that oppress them." Let's see. The Church is to butt out of politics where abortion is concerned, but to butt back in when it comes to social justice. Watch for the *Times*'s forthcoming handbook for enlightened Catholics, *Syllabus of Errors.*

■ A new technique reportedly will be able to determine the approximate age of the Shroud of Turin without inflicting damage on the garment itself. Atoms from a microscopic specimen of the Shroud will be accelerated and identified in a mass spectrometer. The radioactive carbon content of the samples can then be dated, using a highly sensitive radiation counter. Such dating, according to Dr. Harry E. Gove of the University of Rochester, will be accurate within a hundred years. The Church has agreed to the tests. Secular humanists of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your *Weltanschauung.*

■ True story. The Chinese Hospital in San Francisco's Chinatown is old, decrepit, and obsolete. Accordingly, plans were drawn up to build a new hospital to replace it. However, it turned out that no federal funds were available for new-hospital construction, thanks to the enlightened federal reasoning that too many hospital beds raise your medical costs. Little daunted, the planners discovered that federal funds could be obtained to build a clinic and an unneeded annex to the hospital housing offices. The new wing was finished a year or so ago, at a cost of $5 million, and has remained empty ever since. The reason is that once the new annex was built and had aged a bit, more federal funds—$3.4 million—would become available for ripping out the insides of the new wing and reconstructing it as the new hospital that they needed in the first place. Of course, the federal bureaucrats were just as aware as the planners that the new wing was built solely to be destroyed and rebuilt. The demolition work is now under way, after an appropriate "wall-breaking" ceremony.

■ Alger Hiss recently appeared on the syndicated radio program *Focus on Youth*, heard in these parts around midnight. Midnight used to be called "the witching hour," but Mr. Hiss was very reassuring to his young panelists. No, he smiled, there's no such thing as a witch. *But*, he confided (dropping his voice a little), there used to be

"There is every sign that the state of the Union is sound."

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people who *thought* there were witches; and he told some mighty spooky stories about *them*. Shivers! We didn't sleep a wink all *night*.

■ The Consumer Products Safety Commission, which spent tens of millions investigating the safety of swimming pool slides, has once again come to our rescue with a finding that many large trash containers can tip over.

■ Three more bodies discovered at remote St. Makar Monastery in Egypt have been tentatively identified as Ambrose Bierce, Judge Crater, and D. B. Cooper.

Mr. Teng and Mr. Carter

Well, he's here—Teng Hsiao-ping, the Vice Premier of the People's Republic of China—thirty years after the Communists took Peking. The mere fact is a measure of how the world has changed. Once the unquestioned Number One power in the world, the U.S. today seeks an entente with China to hold its own in detente with the USSR. This is the hard fact that turns to ashes what might otherwise be a diplomatic *tour de force*. In his dinner toast to Mr. Teng, Carter said, "We have not entered this new relationship for short-term gains. We have a long-term commitment to a world community of diverse and independent nations." How Peking and Moscow feel about genuine diversity is doubtful, but, in his reply, Mr. Teng said that China views "our bilateral relations in the context of the overall international situation and with a long-term strategic perspective."

The best sources suggest that our haste in accepting Peking's three conditions for recognition was designed to bolster Teng against the left-wing quasi-Maoists led by Premier Hua Kuo-feng at last month's Party meeting. Teng's position, however, may still be none too secure. Power at Peking's Communist court appears to be subject to change without notice.

China wants to modernize and build its strength against the USSR, and the U.S. wants to keep Soviet forces divided between Europe and Asia. A natural entente, though subject to two provisions: 1) that the U.S. not become dependent on China to offset a built-in military weakness vis-à-vis the USSR (perhaps ratified by SALT II), and 2) that the U.S. be prepared for the possibility of an eventual rapprochement between China and the USSR, releasing the latter's forces for transfer to Europe. Victor Zorza has pointed out that *both* factions in Peking favor eventual normalization with the USSR, differing only on tactics and timing. The Maoists favor it sooner, hoping to avoid great dependence on the West in order to maintain revolutionary purity. The Teng faction favors an extended forced-draft development with Western help, followed by normalization with the USSR at a time when China will have ceased to be so dependent on the West. But, as Mr. Teng said, this is truly long-term strategy; if we are to deal with him, our strategy must be just as long-term, or we will simply be used and then discarded.

The so-called China card cannot be a substitute for American strength and strategy. SALT II must not lock us into an inferior position relative to the USSR. Our defenses need to be strengthened and Carter's proposed increase in defense spending must not become merely a tactical device to sweeten SALT II for Congress. The neutron bomb, the cruise missile, the MX missile, and our dwindling naval power need to be reviewed positively.

We are told that in the first day's talks Carter responded to Teng's emphasis on checking the USSR's advance with his own fond notion of balanced relations among the three powers. A nice thought, but having elected to play our China card we must now follow it up with a will, and not dissipate our gains by trying to please the USSR at the same time. In preparing for Mr. Brezhnev's visit, the Administration should recall that the USSR was not deterred by our bombing of North Vietnam from agreeing to SALT I.

The Teng visit opens a period which will test whether the Administration is following a long-run strategy or a short-run soft-shoe routine leading no further than 1980.

John Connally

The Republican Party can now boast of a dozen or so presidential aspirants, declared and undeclared. At this juncture, however, each of those candidates has identifiable problems of one kind or another—age, insufficient stature, lack of experience in foreign affairs, ideology, the antagonism of this or that key constituency.

In 1968, George Romney had to prove that he was not a lightweight. He failed in New Hampshire. The same year, Richard Nixon had to remove his "loser" identity, and did so by winning everything in sight. The same year, Nelson Rockefeller had to prove that he could win somewhere, anywhere, outside New York, and failed.

John Connally's problems are obvious: his image as a slick Texas millionaire, a converted Democrat, the milk money indictment, the advice to burn the tapes.

His assets, however, are formidable. In an Administration containing impressive talent—Kissinger, Schlesinger, Burns, Greenspan, Haig—John Connally, as Secretary of the Treasury, was indisputably a heavyweight. President Nixon always viewed Connally as the Cabinet member of presidential stature. Indeed, Nixon wanted Connally instead of Agnew as his 1972 running-mate, a judgment that looks excellent in retrospect. Had Nixon served until 1976, Connally in all likelihood would have been the Republican nominee that year, and today Connally—instead of the present caretaker incumbent—would be planning his campaign for election to a second

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term. Connally, like several nations in Southeast Asia and in Africa, was a casualty of Nixon's disaster.

He will be a formidable presence in pre-1980 politics. His conversion to the Republican Party, historically speaking, could represent a prophetic symbol: the crossing over of millions of conservative Democrats. Connally is a superb speaker. He is also an unabashed American nationalist, and this will be welcome indeed in an era of elite hand-wringing. "He is not a limits-of-power man," observed the *Washington Post* editorially, "or a lower-your-expectations man . . . In fact, he exudes and projects power and an appetite for using it."

Connally has repented for his 1971-72 advocacy of wage and price controls: "misbegotten," he calls it. He supports ERA, also a constitutional amendment banning busing. He is hawkish on inflation, the federal budget, national defense.

Politically speaking, John Connally is major league, and whether he is part of the past or a dominant figure for the future we will learn from his performance in the political arena during the coming months.

Endgame?

At last it is out. All that inflation over the last decade has benefited no one but government. The real earnings of the private non-agricultural work force were only $2.50 a week higher in 1977 than in 1967. And that's before tax. All those big wage settlements came to nothing. In real terms the economy just couldn't deliver the goods to match the increases in dollar pay. The reason is that productivity growth over the 1967-77 decade declined by 45 per cent.

These are the conclusions of a new study, "Reaching a Higher Standard of Living," released by the New York Stock Exchange. The study was prepared by the Office of Economic Research under William Freund, with outside assistance from Professor John Kendrick of George Washington University (who was for years keeper of the national income statistics at the U.S. Department of Commerce), Edward Denison of the Brookings Institution, Lawrence Klein of the University of Pennsylvania, Albert Rees of the National Bureau of Economic Research, and Professor Richard Quandt of Princeton.

While the money has been pouring out of Washington these past ten years, the annual growth in the economy's productivity has declined from 3.3 per cent in the 1947-67 period to 1.8 per cent. No other industrial economy has experienced such a drop, and it has greatly eroded the productivity advantage that allowed high-priced American labor to compete in world markets.

Among the factors contributing to the decline in productivity growth, the study lists: 1) a drop in the percentage of GNP spent on research and development, 2) aging plant and equipment, and 3) "the proliferation of government rules and regulations."

The decline in R&D reflects a shortening of the time horizon of American business. A shortened time horizon is usually a result of uncertainty, and there has been no shortage of that. With the great growth of regulation and litigation based on environmental and safety claims, firms cannot tell whether R&D is an investment in anything other than a future law suit.

The technological progress now occurring finds its way into the economy more slowly. Between 1948 and 1966 the purchase of new capital equipment embodying the latest technology was sufficiently rapid to reduce the average age of the capital stock by three years. In recent years, however, the economy has not been able to upgrade the quality of the tools in the hands of the work force.

A growing percentage of new equipment purchases is mandated by environmental and safety regulations. These investments in new equipment do not contribute to the firm's profitability or to the output of marketable goods and services. Thus, even as R&D and investment are declining, government regulations are shifting a larger proportion of both into meeting mandated requirements.

The prospect for economic growth is bleak under the present arrangements. The combination of inflation and taxation have eroded the savings rate to the lowest level in our history. Economies that don't save can't grow, and today in the U.S. it does not pay to save.

The decline in American economic growth owes much to the Keynesian revolution, which glorified consumption and deplored savings. Now the NYSE tells us that we can't have our cake and eat it too. The theory that the same resource could be simultaneously consumed and invested has turned out to be a product of schizophrenic economists.

Fear and Loathing

"Hey, Herb—you hear the Republicans are going to Detroit in 1980?"

"You gotta be kidding! Talk about hypocrisy! What have those tight white Protestants ever done for black people in this country?"

"It turns my stomach. Say, imagine those geeks from Omaha and Podunk: their big night away from Main

Slither

See Jerry Brown; see how he moves.
See how he smoothly switches grooves.
I like the song he sings today:
Next April, what will Jerry play?
From Rock to Barbershop to—what?
I grant you, when he's hot, he's hot.
But slitherers are doomed to flop.
When Jerry slips I'll get the mop.

W. H. von Dreele

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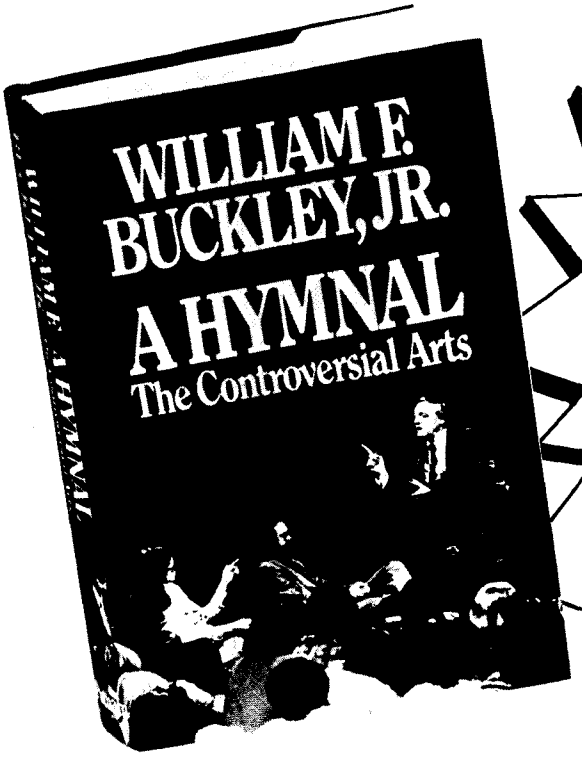

SAVE $6.50 (with this offer!)

Here it is. Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s new book, bound to be a conservative bestseller. Not often does a book as special as this one come along (in fact, it's been three years since the last one) but "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts" is well worth the waiting. It's a book you'll dip into again and again, an intriguing collection of some of Buckley's best writings, a goodly portion of which have not hitherto been generally available.

They are now all collected in "Hymnal," which contains so much good stuff, so many articles that are sheer pleasure to read, it's hard to know where to begin. You'll certainly want to know all about—

- **God and Man at Yale: Twenty-five Years Later**
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—and much, much more (well over a hundred other articles and essays), for this is a *big* book, almost 500 pages, and as a result sells for a substantial $12.95. So, to make it easier for you (our readers) to get your own copy of this hardcover, first edition, we've put together a *very* special offer based on a low-cost 18 issue (9 months) subscription, either new or renewal.

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Nice Doggy

States have no friends; enlightened selfishness
Is all a prudent ruler will allow.
The prince/philosopher will not impress
A Genghis Khan demanding he kow-tow.
With Teng in town and no one quoting Mao,
Brzezinski pants to play the China card;
But Jimmy, always fearful of a row,
Wags at the Russians like a St. Bernard.
He cannot bring himself to say, "*En garde!*"
He's ill at ease with subterfuge and guile.
If I were Teng, I'd find it very hard
To tie my future to a toothy smile.
As Jimmy tries to mimic Metternich,
He'd better have a little chat with Dick.

W. H. VON DREELE

Street in four years and they choose *Detroit*, for God's sake. 1976 Kansas City, 1980 Detroit—and they wonder why they can't get their act together. The Republican Party is going downhill fast, man."

"They sure are, Sid. It occurs to me: there's nothing in downtown Detroit but that Renaissance Center or whatever they call it. We want some place decent to put the camera crews, we'd better get in there *pronto*."

"Yeah. For that matter, where do you go to *eat* in Detroit? Burger King? If they've got even one decent French restaurant, you're going to have to make your reservation by July 4, 1979."

"*Jeez!* Let me get my secretary right on that; maybe the *Mobil Travel Guide* has some listings. —Say, Helen? Let me know by five if there's any halfway decent restaurants in Detroit, OK? . . . Those dumbbells, Sid: now the Democrats are going to have to take us to Cleveland, just to keep up."

Balanced-Budget Fever

Question making the rounds in California: Is Jerry Brown a bona-fide born-again tax cutter or an opportunistic politico? Answer: Only his pollster knows for sure. Whatever Brown's true feelings, he is most certainly on to something, as Jimmy Carter can ruefully attest. While the few who managed, through sheer self-discipline, to remain conscious for the entire State of the Union address have already forgotten what Carter said, nobody has forgotten Brown's call, contained in his inaugural address a couple of weeks ago, for a constitutional amendment to balance the budget.

Meanwhile the balanced-budget bandwagon keeps on rolling along. So far 24 states have adopted resolutions calling for Congress to propose a balanced-budget amendment of its own or to summon a constitutional convention to make this a command, and the chances are good that ten more will follow suit, thereby requiring Congress to call a convention.

Even if the pro-amendment forces fall short of the required 34, Carter still ends up at the wrong end of the battering ram, as Kevin Phillips shows in the new *American Political Report*. The issue would then become the focus of 1980 politicking. Suppose Congress acts in 1979 to head off the convention by passing an amendment and sending it up to the states for ratification? It would thus remain a major 1980 issue. But suppose 34 states have acted, and Congress refuses to call the convention? Jerry Brown has made the issue his centerpiece. He is one of the most agile—positively fluid, in fact—politicians on the scene, and no one should underestimate his capacity for raising political hell.

How Many Legions?

Most journalists have treated Pope John Paul II's appearance at the Latin American bishops' conference as an example in ecclesiastical ward-heeling. The history of the "campaign" runs something like this: At the 1968 conference of bishops in Medellín, Colombia, the Catholic Church, formerly allied with reactionary elements, came out in favor of the poor. Some priests took the new mood as a mandate to consort with Marxists and other pleasant/unpleasant people (pick one, according to ideological sympathy)—causing the new Pope to shift back to the right. In this model, there are two sides—rulers, mostly plutocratic and often bloody; and people, represented more or less imperfectly by activists and revolutionaries. The Church, like any other participant in the game, lines up with one or the other.

Which doesn't leave much room for the Holy Ghost. In point of fact, it is a tribute to the awfulness of the twentieth century to observe that Latin America is relatively free and prosperous (cf. Teng's China, or the Pope's native Poland). Anyway, the Medellín conference declared that "the Latin American episcopate cannot remain indifferent to the tremendous social injustices that exist in Latin America." John Paul II, however, now defines the ways in which concern may be expressed. "A correct Christian idea of liberation [is] liberation from everything that oppresses man, but which is above all liberation from sin and the Evil One, in the knowing God and being known by Him . . . Let us also keep in mind that the Church's action in earthly matters such as human advancement, development, justice, the rights of the individual, is always intended to be at the service of man. She does not therefore need to have recourse to ideological systems . . . We cry out once more: respect man. He is the image of God. Evangelize so that this may become a reality."

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It is a disturbing statement to anyone committed to a brand of politics which tramples on human dignity. It outrages those who enlist the Church in the service of a particular ideology.

Here Comes the Ayatollah

By refusing to receive Shahpur Bakhtiar until the beleaguered Premier resigns, Ayatollah Khomeini, still operating from France, threw down the gauntlet. He wants all or nothing, and is willing to risk civil war to get it.

In the effort to preserve continuity, Bakhtiar had offered to resign *after* seeing Khomeini, and to accept a request from the Ayatollah to form a "caretaker" regime. But the Ayatollah said, No. Continuity is precisely what he does not want. Now Bakhtiar has reopened the airports, and Khomeini promptly flew in. One cannot but shudder at the prospect of power in the hands of an authoritarian, puritanical zealot who considers a ruler (himself?) to be "no more than the executor of God's command and decree." The prospects include administrative chaos, an army coup and/or a split in the army, followed by extensive hostilities—a situation that would invite foreign intervention, already hinted in the USSR's reference to its 1921 treaty with Iran.

Why is even the flimsiest threat of continuity anathema to Khomeini? Because of his consuming hatred of the Shah and his legalistic puritanism, which acknowledges only one continuity, from God. Also, continuity works to the advantage of those on the scene in Iran and to the disadvantage of him who sits in a French villa wielding nothing more tangible than an unstable surge of emotion. By returning to Iran quickly, Khomeini hopes to convert his wasting asset before it is dissipated. For two decades his words failed to strike a spark. Only the fact that the Shah suddenly, fortuitously, held in his hand all the strings leading to Iran's economic, social, constitutional, and political problems enabled Khomeini to convert his religious appeal into a focus for Iran's yearnings.

What of the people around Khomeini? No doubt, if he succeeds in converting the emotional charge he now commands into structural power on Iranian territory, there will be some competent men who will come forward. Such a one, Mehdi Bazargan, a former Minister under Mossadegh, is reputed to be a possible future Prime Minister under Khomeini's aegis, though one wonders how long a government worthy of the name will be able to put up with Khomeini's supervision on behalf of God. Unfortunately, too, Khomeini has become dependent, during his years away from home, on some sleazier or more dangerous types. One spokesman, much in the news, is Sadeq Ghotbzadeh, once a perennial student in America who tried (barely failing) to rig an election and take over the Iranian Students' Association. It was he who recently tried to explain away the Ayatollah's quoted lines on Jews by saying, "Zionist elements have tried to manipulate His Eminence's writings to their own ends."

Naturally, Communists gravitate quickly to any destabilizing force. Four of Khomeini's aides recently received training in East Germany and have ties with the outlawed Iranian Communist Party (Tudeh). These and others joined Khomeini within the last few months, after he came to Paris and found himself in urgent need of some nimble-tongued managers to help him over rough patches for which his legal-religious training had not prepared him. It is worth noting that the clandestine Tudeh Party in Iran has approved Khomeini's proposal of an Islamic Council, finding that it "coincides with the Tudeh's position."

Battle of Britain

The previous highwater mark of union disruptions in Britain came in 1973-74, when the coal miners and electrical workers kept Britain in the dark and British factories on three-day-a-week schedules from November to March. That winter was the last time a British government put itself on the line in an effort to bring the unions to heel; it also marked the beginning of Britain's breakneck economic decline. The current disruptions will, if they last, be even more ruinous.

The effects of the strikes are economic and social, but the solution must be political. As *The Economist* points out, Britain, alone among civilized nations, has *no* legal sanctions against a union that breaks a contract. The union leaders can't be fined, nor can the union lose its collective bargaining privileges. This is a residue from the days when Britain, by and large, ran on tacit rules.

Those days are gone. If Britain is to survive, its government must make some of those rules explicit and enforceable. For reasons Brian Crozier states in his column this issue (see p. 219), no Labor government is likely to be able to do this. Can a Tory government? There are two reasons to hope so. Margaret Thatcher's recent speeches in Parliament have been tough but not abrasive: without compromising, they leave room for conciliation. Secondly, perhaps British public opinion can at last be mobilized. The nearer all the individual strikes come to adding up to a general strike, the nearer Britain comes to being willing to back any government that will write the necessary new laws and try to enforce the laws it has.

Nelson Rockefeller, R I P

The circumstances of Nelson Rockefeller's political death are not mysterious. Rockefeller throughout his mature years stood opposed to an irresistible historic change: the reversal of the post-Civil War political alignments. When Rockefeller entered politics, his Northeast was a

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Republican stronghold. New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio—this was Republican country. During his mature years, that Northeast became a Democratic backwater. At the same time, the formerly Democratic "solid South" shifted away from the Democratic coalition.

Rockefeller was tone-deaf to all this. In 1964, at San Francisco, he and William Scranton played out the final farce of Eastern liberal Republicanism. Politically, Rockefeller was run over by history.

Rockefeller failed as a national political figure, but in some ways he was larger than politics, larger than the issues, good and bad, with which he was identified.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Your column, "On Declaring for President," has made me feel very sheepish indeed. As you may have heard—coy though I've tried to be about it—I am giving thought to running for President. Let me hasten to point out, however, that in keeping with tradition, I am merely in an "exploratory" stage, and have not yet summoned up the presumption to say explicitly that I'm plunging in.

In the end, though, I think the public may favor decisiveness in their presidential candidates as much as that elusive quality of modesty. So prepare to cringe if you should hear me someday actually declaring.

With warm regards.

Sincerely,
John B. Anderson
Member of Congress

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since you are my favorite writer-columnist, I was surprised to see ["Passing On the Torch," Jan. 5] that a most important and useful word, namely:

"Xylem"

had escaped your everyday vocabulary.

Best regards,
Russell C. Johnston
Xylem Company
St. Louis Park, Minn.

■ Honorable Chairman Bill,

The Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson having disbanded because the Guest of Honor had a previous appointment with his Creator, and Bella Abzug having proved to be just a fleeting, though distasteful memory, it occurs to me that we on the Far Right, the Extreme Right, and the Ultra Right need a fresh new face on which to lavish our hatred, spew our venom, and nurture our subliminal inclinations to violence.

A perusal of *NR*'s annual index of Unsatisfactory People failed to dredge up a satisfactory incubus and then it hit me . . . Svend Petersen! Svend Petersen and his damned Trans-O-Grams! As any average reader will attest, Petersen's diabolical offerings have beaten the opposition by about 61 to 4. (Guidry should do so well.)

Obviously, you and the staff have been taken in by this Trotskyite in Adam Smith's clothing and think him one of us. Hellllll nooooo!! These insoluble fortnightly mind-benders are demoniac, craftily designed to transmogrify the average cool-headed clean-cut conservative by Pavlovian servings of frustration into a babbling, bloodthirsty paranoid. Just the type that All the Right Sort of People knew we were all along. F'rinstance in my case, I have taken to watching Archie Bunker.

Don't you see? This man simply sees where the political winds blow and sits, a grinning fifth columnist in our midst, awaiting the day when a Reagan, a Crane, or a Kemp ascends to the White House. Then Pfffft!! to hell with Trans-O-Grams. This Machiavellian malefactor will then turn to full-bore masochism in his new post as Grand High Exalted Devisor of Internal Revenue forms, HEW surveys, and Census questionnaires.

Aux armes, everybody! Off your butts before it's too late! The Committee to Horsewhip Svend Petersen needs you now.

Liberté, égalité, fraternité, and cordially,

Tom Crowe
Treasurer
City of Hubbard, Ohio

Dear Mr. Buckley,

When I received my Dec. 22 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (on Dec. 26, incidentally), I immediately turned to your "On the Right" and the Trans-O-Gram.

I have heard you accused, at numerous times, of using long and obscure words and "usual dirty tricks with the English language" but assumed that these accusations were merely the fulminations of the semi-literate. This time, however, much to my surprise, I found it took less time to work out the "Trans-O-Gram" than to read your "On the Right," and with less use of my dictionary.

Because I consider it to be futile to try to change your writing style, I am asking that you please arrange to have the Trans-O-Gram made more difficult.

Sincerely yours,
Richard I. Jackson
Sedona, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Jackson: My column in that issue *was* the Trans-O-Gram. Cordially,

—WFB

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Labor, Then and Now

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

I AM GOING TO start this column with a quotation: ". . . all Communists are unprincipled thugs, wolves in sheep's clothing, and . . . they will do anything at Moscow's bidding." Now, if James Burnham had written these words, or Brian Crozier, or William F. Buckley Jr., literary purists might well have criticized the writer for an uncharacteristic crudity of style, but nobody would have been surprised at the sentiments expressed.

The interesting thing, then, is that these words appeared in a memorandum addressed to British Prime Minister Clement Attlee by the then-Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin. The late Ernie Bevin, working-class leader, occasional mob orator, but also a patriot, was never noted for literary accomplishment. I have it on the good authority of one of his young men at the Foreign Office that, on being asked his opinions on Britain and the European movement, he replied pensively: "I don't like it . . . If we open that Pandora's Box, we'll find it's full of Trojan 'orses."

Pandora's Box Opened

No stylist, then, but a man who spoke his mind. One thing he knew he didn't like was Communism, and he was aware that Communists experience singular relish when eating social democrats for breakfast. The occasion of Bevin's memo was the Communist takeover in Prague in 1948. In it, he dismissed the view that Stalin wanted war, since the Russians were "fairly confident of getting the fruits of war without going to war." And he called for "common action in defense of Western civilization." His memo is news right now because it was released only days ago under the thirty-year rule governing the publication of State papers in the United Kingdom.

Bevin, of course, was always a staunch anti-Communist, and the element of surprise which his words occasion today lies simply in the glaring contrast between the Labor Party then and now. Although Dr. David Owen has staked a mild claim as the putative leader of the anti-Communist wing of his party, one can no more imagine his writing a Foreign and Commonwealth Office memorandum on this theme than Bevin's supporting Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe in their violent bid to turn Rhodesia into a Marxist state with Moscow's support. The takeover of the Labor Party from within by Marxists of various shades is a more momentous development than the outside world fully realizes, and fraught with strategic consequences unless the trend is not only halted but reversed.

The relevance of these reflections lies in the fact that, under Britain's unwritten constitution, 1979 is election year. The statutory life-term of a British Parliament is five years, which will be up in October, and it is the Prime Minister who decides when to call an election. Most people (though not, as it happens, myself) thought Mr. Callaghan was going to the country last October; certainly his party organizers thought so, and were rather piqued when he blandly announced that he was going to soldier on, after they had spent all that good money on polls.

I was less surprised than some others because of my reading of Callaghan's psychology. "Sunny Jim" was 64 when the big job fell into his lap upon the unexpected (and still unexplained) resignation of Harold Wilson. He likes living at Number 10 Downing Street and wants to postpone his departure as long as he legally can. His advisors told him Labor would have lost an election held last October. Who knows? He might even *win* in March, June, or October 1979; then he wouldn't have to move out of his desirable residence after all.

No, I am not going to tell you, at this early date, who is going to win the next election in Britain. The only thing I am certain about is that the coming elections are going to be the most fateful of them all, at least since 1945 (when Churchill was ousted and Britain's long decline began).

For consider the prospect, should Mr. Callaghan lead his party to its third consecutive victory. Mr. Callaghan is a "moderate." So are about two-thirds of his parliamentary colleagues. But the Labor Party has certain peculiarities: in real terms, the Party Manifesto is not drafted by Labor MPs, but by the stalwarts of party headquarters at Transport House, who dutifully write into it whatever they think will please the National Executive Committee (NEC) and the trade unions.

There's the rub. The NEC is now dominated by the extremist Left, and the trade unions, in effect, *own* the Labor Party. So if the Marxists want the Manifesto to say that the next Labor government will nationalize all the banks and insurance companies and abolish the House of Lords, that is what the Manifesto will say; and however strong the "moderates" may appear to be on paper, in the new House of Commons the Prime Minister will be saddled with a Marxist Manifesto and Programs as the basis for the Queen's Speech.

A/k/a Tony Benn

If Callaghan wins, he may find he has won the last free election in his country and mine. When he steps down, either voluntarily or because he has lost the election, it would surprise few observers if he were succeeded as party leader by a politely fanatical man who insists on calling himself Tony Benn when everybody knows he is really Lord Stansgate, or at best Anthony Wedgwood Benn, and who, each year, dropped bits of his entry in *Who's Who* that seemed incompatible with the pretense that he was really just a working man like—well, like Jim Callaghan—and who completed the process by dropping himself out of the 1979 edition entirely.

If Labor ever splits into a Marxist party and a non-Marxist one, the Marxist wing will have the money (which comes from the unions) unless the unions drop their Marxist leaders (as the engineers' union did last year). But this isn't going to happen before the 1979 elections.

So when Margaret Thatcher says (as she did recently) that "next time we shall be voting not only for ourselves but for our children," she is not just making electoral propaganda, but speaking the unpalatable truth. □

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JONESTOWN-MÜNSTER

The Kingdoms of Death

FRANCIS RUSSELL

MEDIEVAL GERMANY to modern Guyana, the past suddenly flares across the present—the heaped-up bodies at the Peoples Temple compound in Jonestown, and Münster's brief, blood-drenched Anabaptist Kingdom. In each instance a charismatic preacher summons his followers to a New Jerusalem, and the end is violence and death: Münster in 1535, Jonestown in 1978.

Times of doubt and uncertainty spawn such men. In generation after troubled generation bewildered people grope for certainty and assurance, yield their wills to the will of the authoritarian leader. Though Jonestown and Münster are separated by over four centuries, how alike those two magnetic personalities are, the self-consecrated Reverend Jim Jones of the Peoples Temple and the self-crowned King of Münster Jan Bockelson. "I am a prophet of God," Jones told his followers. Bockelson proclaimed himself inheritor of the throne of Zion, ruler of the earth.

The origins of both are dubious. Jones's zealot mother thought her son a messiah. His father, a part-time railroad worker, was by avocation a Klansman. Vaguely religious in his twisted boyhood in an obscure Indiana town, as a young man Jones was born again, his flesh the Word. Ten years of desultory study gave him a worthless BA. For a time he became a Methodist preacher, then left that church to form his own. His Bible fundamentalism had a liberal façade. After his marriage he adopted eight children of different races. Moving to California, that wonderland of cults, he throve. His dynamic presence drew people to him—some people, enough to build up his church to a position of wealth and even political power. The faithful called him Father or Dad, deeded over their property to him, gave him their obedience. In return for the bloc vote of the Peoples Temple, the mayor of San Francisco made him chairman of the Housing Authority. High-level politicians sought his friendship. Rosalynn Carter even wrote him from the White House. His private life was as devious as the wealth that came to him. There were those, beyond the politicians, who noticed. Threatened with newspaper exposure, he left California to found his Christian Communist community in Guyana.

His forerunner, Jan Bockelson of Leyden, was born in a Dutch ditch, the bastard son of a German serf. Wanderyears as a tailor's apprentice took him as far as England and Portugal. Returning to Leyden he married a boatman's widow, an older woman whose means set him up as a tavern keeper of unsavory reputation while he followed his inclinations as a procurer and a writer of obscene ballads. Caught up in the yeasty aftermath of the Reformation, he became a convert to the chiliastic beliefs of the Melchiorites, the followers of Melchior Hofmann, a furrier turned prophet who stirred the masses with his glowing prophecies of the Second Coming and the Day of Judgment that would shortly occur. Though his prophecies failed, his influence did not. Persecuted in the Netherlands, many of the Dutch Melchiorites, among them Bockelson, made their way to Münster, already in ferment following an anticlerical uprising of the guilds in 1525.

No Church, No Dogma

There were three phases in the transformation of the Catholic cathedral-city into the Anabaptist New Jerusalem. In 1533 a mob attacked the prince-bishop's residence, forcing him to sign a treaty recognizing the Reformation. But the clergy and the patricians, in going over to Lutheranism, still managed to control the city's affairs. However, all their attempts to suppress the radical elements were shattered by the resistance of the guilds. In the third phase, the Anabaptists, directed by the Melchiorites, ousted the Lutheran party and took over the city, a political development made possible by their populist appeal and by the fanaticism of their leaders.

The first prophet-figure was Jan Matthys of Haarlem, who arrived in Münster predicting the imminent Second Coming. He differed from the Melchiorites by repudiating their principle of nonviolence, convinced that true believers must fight the godless for the establishment of Christ's Kingdom. Once he became the city's leader he proclaimed Münster the New Zion and prophesied that the world would end at Easter, 1534. While waiting for the end, he set up a communist form of government, confiscated all private property, suspended trade, and organized defenses against

Mr. Russell, who learned of the Anabaptist Kingdom of Münster when he was a student in Germany, is writing a book on the subject tentatively titled The Kingdom of Death.

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the army of the Holy Roman Empire that the exiled bishop was enlisting to capture the city. This external threat rallied the guilds as well as the Anabaptists.

Matthys and Bockelson had made a sudden spectacular appearance, bearded, in flowing garments like the prophets Enoch and Elias, to command an attention that would soon overshadow all others. When Matthys was killed in a foray against the Imperial troops and Easter did not end the world, Bockelson became the undisputed leader. Matthys had been no more than his footstool. But to assure his position he married Matthys' widow a woman of great beauty—by divine command, he said.

Proclaiming himself King Jan of Leyden, King of the Anabaptists, he needed no theology or church or dogma or sacraments. He in himself was sufficient, the Word made flesh. As King he required the allegiance of all, an unconditional loyalty. To oppose him was sin its wages death. God the Father had commanded him to have an official executioner. Those who dared speak out or tried to leave were decapitated. Sometimes King Jan wielded the sword himself. Everything was to be held in common, he told his subjects—food, clothing, possessions. Meals, he ruled, were to be taken together publicly. From his most fanatic supporters he selected 12 Elders of the Tribes of Israel to be his agents and guards. With the Old Testament as his cited example he introduced polygamy into his heavenly city. Most Anabaptist subordinates took two or three wives. King Jan eventually acquired 15 of the handsomest young women in Münster. He kept them in order. Two of them he personally beheaded for disobedience.

Hero of the People

Supported by the princes of the Empire, the bishop besieged Münster for 16 months, bringing the city to starvation. So terrible did the famine become at the end that the inhabitants were reduced to eating dogs, cats, rats, leather, the bark of trees, and even dried cow-dung, and there were rumors of cannibalism. Yet for all the misery of the dying city, Bockelson did not lose his hypnotic hold over his followers, most of whom remained blindly loyal. While they starved, he continued to live in luxury.

When his provisions were almost exhausted, he determined to gather his forces and, arms in hand, rush out against the Imperial troops to what would be certain death. Before he could make this desperate gesture, Münster fell by treachery. The King and his two chief aides were captured. Under the eyes of the redeemed bishop, the three were horribly tortured, Bockelson's tongue finally being torn out by red-hot pincers. After their deaths, their bodies were placed in cages and hung in the church tower.

Present-day Communists, particularly in East Germany, see the Münster kingdom as the pattern of a revolutionary movement, with Bockelson as a proletarian hero. Others see Bockelson as a nihilistic betrayer of a Christian community. Friedrich Reck-Malleczewen saw him as a Hitler prototype. His *Bockelson: The History of a Mass Madness*, published in Berlin in 1936, was an anti-Nazi allegory, one of two—the other being Jünger's *On the Marble Cliffs*—that escaped the dulled eye of the official censor. Bockelson was really Hitler, and when that was finally comprehended, Reck-Malleczewen died in Dachau.

'Thank You, Father'

Münster and Jonestown are curiously interwoven. King Jan's harem has its parallel in Father Jim's sexual demands on his women. There is the same regulated cruelty. Bockelson hanged a boy of nine for stealing turnips. Jones forced a boy of four to eat his own vomit. The Father could stand by with a bemused smile while a four-month-old infant was whipped, watch a young girl's buttocks lashed raw for disobedience, listen to the terror-filled screams of children punished by being lowered headfirst into a well. For his brutality he expected thanks. "Thank you, Father!"

His own armed elders patrolled the compound, from which it may well have been death to try to escape. All the possessions of the Peoples Temple congregations, of the Jonestown community, were in common, and all belonged to Father. He extended the work day, and cut the community's food ration while he himself gorged, with a regal gesture granting the leavings of his plate to favored followers. Yet like the Münster king he kept the loyalty of most to the end, a ruler as in Reck-Malleczewen's bitter vision, a Hitler in miniature, a Bockelson, a King Jan even to his throne. Bockelson's contemplated suicidal breakout resembled Jones's actual mass immolation. Above Jones's throne, surrounded by a litter of corpses, they found the motto hanging: THOSE WHO DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT. □

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THE ACADEMY

I Crossed A Picket Line . . .

RONALD L. TROWBRIDGE

I WAS, OF COURSE, aware of the nasty things that can happen when individuals cross picket lines, but I had imagined—naïvely—that strikes by broad-minded academic intellectuals would be different. When I crossed a faculty picket line last fall at Eastern Michigan University, I suffered the depressing revelation of seeing some of my colleagues, once my close friends, transformed into characters I no longer recognized. And had the brief strike continued much longer, I'm not sure that violence wouldn't have occurred.

The faculty strike, the first in EMU's history, began on a Monday. Though it was illegal under Michigan law, all but three of the 68 members of my department (English) honored it. The pressure from friends was relentless; it felt odd, nearly embarrassing, not to join the strike. I suspect a good many of my colleagues didn't approve of it, but it was hard to be at odds with the group, and so easy to stay home—especially after the administration announced that it would bring no charges against those who broke the law.

I did feel that a good many of my colleagues admired me for crossing the picket line. It was not easy to defy my friends, but it was simply impossible for me, viscerally and philosophically, to strike. I hoped that they would at least respect my convictions.

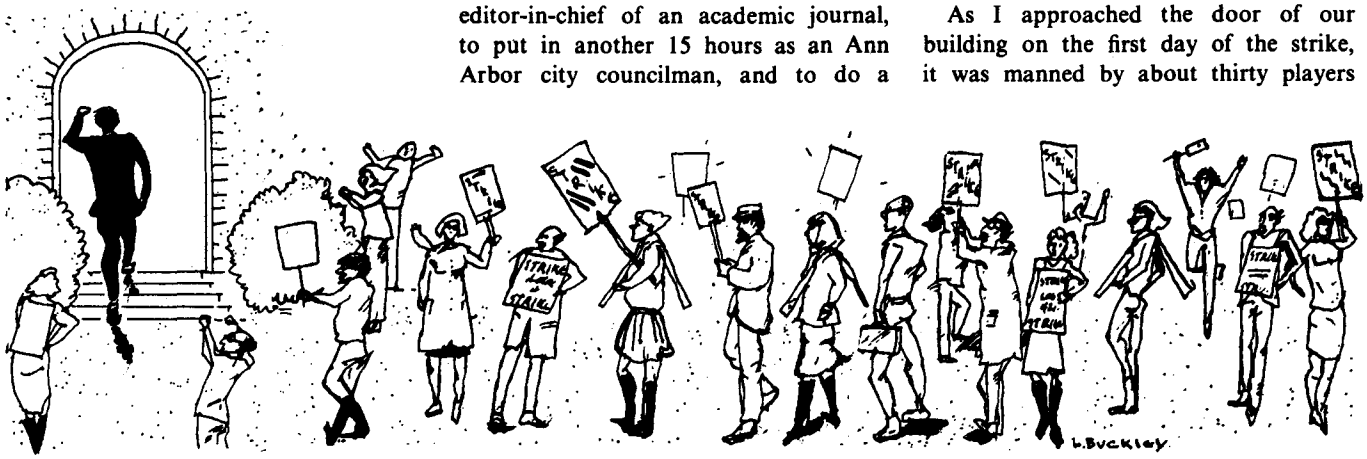
My position on strikes came as a surprise to no one. I had not hesitated to express my views on the subject whenever it was discussed on campus. I had said that under no imaginable circumstances would I join a strike. I regarded my teaching position, frankly, as a kind of semi-retirement. Most of us worked about 25 hours a week for reasonably good pay. I myself also managed to work 15 hours a week as editor-in-chief of an academic journal, to put in another 15 hours as an Ann Arbor city councilman, and to do a fair amount of publication. Why pretend that nine to three, three days a week, was intolerable working conditions?

My colleagues and I had already given each other a foretaste of what was to come. A few years earlier, the union—the American Association of University Professors—had organized a picket line to protest the method of selecting the university's new president. Though not an AAUP member, I was asked to join the picketing to show my "solidarity" with the faculty. I politely declined. Several colleagues tried, one at a time, to pressure me into joining. I vividly recall the pleas that one of them, Frank (I'll use only first names in this piece), made to me in a hallway between classes, with some two or three hundred students milling around. Having been told no, Frank walked away, stopped at a distance of about 75 feet, turned, and screamed, "You ass----!"

I LAUGHED TO myself, albeit sadly. Had I said to him, "Frank, I want you in the next election to vote Republican for the good of the country, just as you requested that I join in the picket line for the good of the faculty," he would of course have responded in disbelief, "I don't want to vote Republican; I'm a Democrat." Of course. But he could see no analogy between his right to vote as he chooses and my right to decide whether to join a picket line, or a union. So it would be.

When the strike was imminent, the atmosphere around the faculty offices and lounges was like that of an impending football game, with an added whiff of zestful vindictiveness. It would be Us *v.* Them, the virtuous against the callous.

As I approached the door of our building on the first day of the strike, it was manned by about thirty players



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from the English Department—friends all. I felt awkward and embarrassed: I didn't like the coming trauma and I truly wished the whole thing would go away. Most of them looked at me and laughed disapprovingly; though the atmosphere was strained, they were fairly amiable. This was, after all, only the kickoff.

Monday and Tuesday passed. No resolution. Most of the classrooms were empty; about 85 per cent of the faculty stayed home, though only 40 per cent were union members. But most students attended the classes that were still taught, and this lack of student support angered the strikers. Position papers were quickly printed and distributed to the students, explaining that the administration was stubbornly refusing such reasonable demands as an immediate 20 per cent raise and an agency shop.

WHEN I arrived Wednesday I could see the increased intensity. The faces that had smiled Monday were now glaring, and the comments began. I was running, at the time, for the State Senate; and one of my colleagues, Sheila, wanting to hurt me, said that my opponent had just joined the picket line and that "he has won all our support." Sheila scowled at me and added "Scab." We had been good friends.

It was incongruous. Devotees of Mozart and Jane Austen were acting like mobsters. And "scab," from participants in an illegal strike who never lost pay, to one who continued working for his salary! A "scab" is a kind of parasite: whom did the term fit here?

One reassuring thing happened. I had a lecture class of three hundred; expecting to find it deserted, I walked in and found that about 250 of my students had come. Themselves badgered by the picketers, they applauded me thunderously. Many of them came up after class to thank me for caring about them.

Since I was a political candidate, I was the object of much media attention. Reporters gathered around my office on the first day of the strike to ask obvious questions about my refusal to join it. I answered frankly that I was a city lawmaker aspiring to be a state lawmaker, and that it would be hypocritical for me to break the law here. The next day my response was featured on local radio stations and on the front page of the county's largest newspaper, the *Ann Arbor News*. (By the way, some state Republican officials had advised me not to cross the picket line: "Be ill," they said.)

The day after the story hit the newsstands and airwaves, I arrived at school to find a very angry bunch. Many of the strikers rushed a good half-block to meet me and formed a circle around me. Jay, a full professor with whom I shared an office phone and a 14-year friendship, was so angry I thought he was going to punch me. The blue blood vessels in his face stood out and he was near hyperventilation. My being a scab was bad enough; but my remarks to the media were the last straw. "You made us look bad," he said, breathing even harder. I started to explain that the press had come to me, not I to them. "Bullshit," he snapped. "I thought you were a man of principle but I see that you are only a political opportunist." Then, his eyes red, he delivered the sundering stroke: "That's it, Trowbridge—I am *never* again going to answer your telephone!"

Jay is 43 years old. The story of his threat proved convulsively funny to my freshmen and sophomores.

Students were often stopped by the strikers and asked whose class they were attending. The size of my lecture class helped increase the notoriety of my name. The strikers often directed my students to convey messages to me: "Up yours," "Scab," and some of X-rated character. One striker said, "Give him the finger." All this from teachers of Shakespeare: dapper, greying, pipe-smoking incarnations of the life of the mind. Liberals, too—deplorers of Nixonite dirty tricks and of CIA and FBI surveillance: like Walter, who took photographs of faculty members who crossed the picket line (he threatened to send my picture to my political opponent). AAUP officials, I learned later, had approved this tactic. Alas, Walter one day climbed up onto a ledge to get a better shot, and fell—damaging his expensive camera.

After the first week the administration canceled classes indefinitely. A week later the strike was settled. During the two weeks, the strikers had forfeited nothing, but few outsiders realized this at the time. The news, when it leaked out, perturbed even members of other unions, like the secretaries and janitors, whose lower wages had been suspended during their strikes in earlier years.

The settlement was hardly worth the fuss in terms of salary (a 6.1 per cent increase, reduced to 5.3 per cent by union dues), but a modified agency shop was established. Those who refused to join the union were henceforth required to pay dues anyway, or to pay an equivalent amount to a scholarship fund.

At noon on the first day after the strike, I went hesitantly to the faculty lunchroom. I knew what to expect. Donald, a huge smile on his face, said loudly, "There's Trowbridge. Noooo, *he's* no scab. He's an oozing, running sore." Peals of harsh laughter. Donald holds a PhD from Kent State and is fifty years old.

AS FOR the scholarship fund donation, its rationale quickly emerged in our lunchroom discussion. The chief purpose, everyone agreed, was to punish those who refused to join the union. Gene, a white-haired Southern gentleman of exquisite manners, looked at me, stuck out his chin, and shook his head rapidly, saying, "Goody-goody-goody-goody-goody!" Gene is 58 years old.

Another colleague, Martin, a very good friend, confided to me later with deep seriousness: "Ron, your name is mud around here." I knew he meant it, and it hurt. One cannot cavalierly dismiss friendships after 14 years. But they were gone, and the advent of union power made the prospect of teaching at Eastern for 25 more years very dismal for anyone of my views. I decided to leave. There were no formal farewells, no good-bye parties, none of the customary gestures; nothing.

Is it any wonder I am pleased, now, to be at Hillsdale College, which champions the freedom and sovereignty of the individual? □

Mr. Trowbridge is editor of Imprimis *and Executive Director of the Center for Constructive Alternatives. He is not a state senator. (This article was adapted from a speech delivered at Hillsdale College.)*

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MEXICO

Uncle Sam Over the Oil Barrel

JETTISON SMITH

When Presidents Jimmy Carter and José Lopez Portillo, flanked by their economists and advisors, meet in Mexico in mid-February they will have a large and badly tangled bundle of problems to discuss. And unless the United States is as eager to yield on every point as it was in the SALT, Panama, and China negotiations, the meeting could wind up as a first-class fiasco, with no agreement on any of them.

Mexico has Uncle Sam over an oil barrel, and she intends to play the linkage game—making U.S. access to Mexican energy sources dependent on redress of as many as possible of the grievances that have accumulated since World War II. Mexico worked closely with the United States in that war, and felt badly let down afterward. Affecting the tone of the Carter–Lopez Portillo talks throughout will be Mexico's determination never again to be taken for granted by her big neighbor.

In addition to the quantities of oil and gas the U.S. will be permitted to buy, and the price she will be charged, the agenda for the meeting includes such immediate issues as: 1) the treatment to be accorded the one-tenth or more of Mexico's population now illegally in the United States; 2) joint efforts to impede the flow of marijuana and heroin from Mexico; and 3) U.S. duties on Mexican textiles, petrochemicals, tomatoes, and citrus fruits.

Superficially, the two chief executives have a lot in common, and they got along well when Lopez Portillo visited Carter in Washington two years ago. They are of about the same age; they took office at about the same time; they both succeeded high-spending, deficit-ridden administrations; and they both are spending far more than their predecessors. Each ran on platforms critical of secretive big government, corruption, and overpowering bureaucracy. Each is financing soaring budget deficits with printing-press money and foreign loans. Each has seen his national currency plunge to new depths, and each has sought, vainly so far, to curb inflation. Each has fallen in public esteem. However, the differences between the two men and their jobs are more pronounced than the similarities. Lopez Portillo is a man of culture, an intellectual, and an author who writes his own books. He has four more years to serve, and need not worry about re-election, since law and custom forbid him to seek another term. He has the tamest kind of rubber-stamp Congress, a docile press, and tightly controlled radio and television networks. He heads a political machine so powerful that it hasn't lost a federal or state election of any importance in fifty years.

Furthermore, the President of Mexico appoints the governors of all 31 states, the mayors of important cities, and the heads of the vast array of 850 government-owned business, financial, and industrial enterprises, which lost a total of $6 billion last year. (Their losses absorb half the government's income.)

Salaries and expense accounts of officials in Mexico are secret, but Lopez Portillo probably is paid four or five times as much as Jimmy Carter, just as department secretaries in his government get very much higher pay than their *Norteamericano* counterparts. So Mexican officials are sitting pretty, especially since they exempt most of their pay from taxes.

Bonanza Coming

While Mexico faces an appalling shortage of jobs—half the country's working-age population is unemployed or underemployed—Lopez Portillo can look forward, thanks to the oil bonanza, to a sharp improvement in Mexico's economy beginning in 1980 and extending at least to the end of the century. While the petroleum industry is not ordinarily "labor intensive," Petroleos Mexicanos (PEMEX), the government's oil monopoly, has 110,000 people on its payroll. Between 50,000 and 60,000 of those jobs are superfluous by industry standards. *Aviadores*, as the extras are called, add 15 billion pesos ($660 million) annually to PEMEX costs and are bitterly resented by workers. *Fortune* a few years ago rated PEMEX the world's second most inefficient oil company. Although it has improved greatly under the direction of Jorge Diaz Serrano, it is still burdened not only by the swarms of *aviadores*, but by union chiefs who enjoy the good life via a legal 10 per cent rake-off on PEMEX contracts, and an illegal racket in the sale of jobs for the peso equivalent of four thousand dollars.

However, in spite of enormous graft, the income from millions of barrels of oil at OPEC prices can hardly fail to diffuse prosperity through the economy, providing it is wisely used. That will take some doing, though.

Carter will find the negotiating atmosphere much frostier now than it would have been earlier in his term. The turmoil in Iran, the increased vulnerability of Arab oil supplies, and the decline in Venezuelan oil production have brought Mexico a flock of customers keen to buy its oil. Mexican production now is running 1.5 million barrels a day, of which one-third is for export. Israel, Canada, Cuba, Spain, and Japan are among the many customers clamoring to open new accounts or to gain an increase in current allotments.

With proven reserves of thirty billion barrels and probable reserves of 200 million barrels in large areas of the country still to be fully explored, Mexico could step up production to ten million barrels a day by 1990, thus satisfying much of the Western Hemisphere's demand now being met by the Middle East. But Mexican authorities have no present intention of doing anything of the kind. Their refusal to expand as rapidly as they could will be one source of discord in the Carter–Lopez Portillo talks.

Having seen the social and economic perils that all-out oil production has brought Iran, Nigeria, the Arab states, and others, the Mexican authorities

Mr. Smith is a long-time observer of Mexican affairs.

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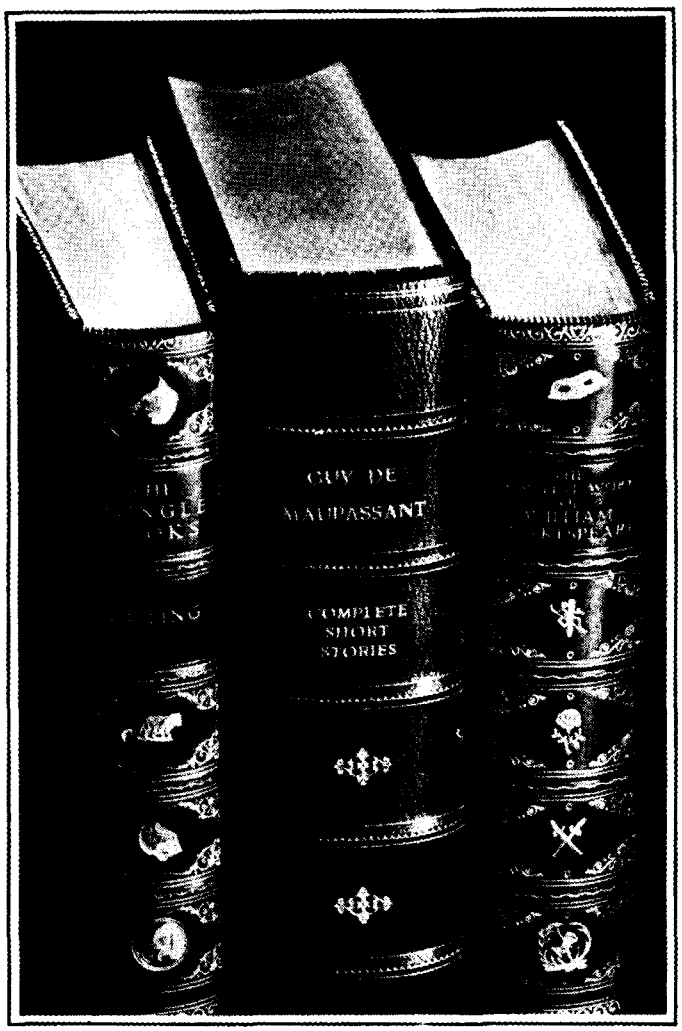

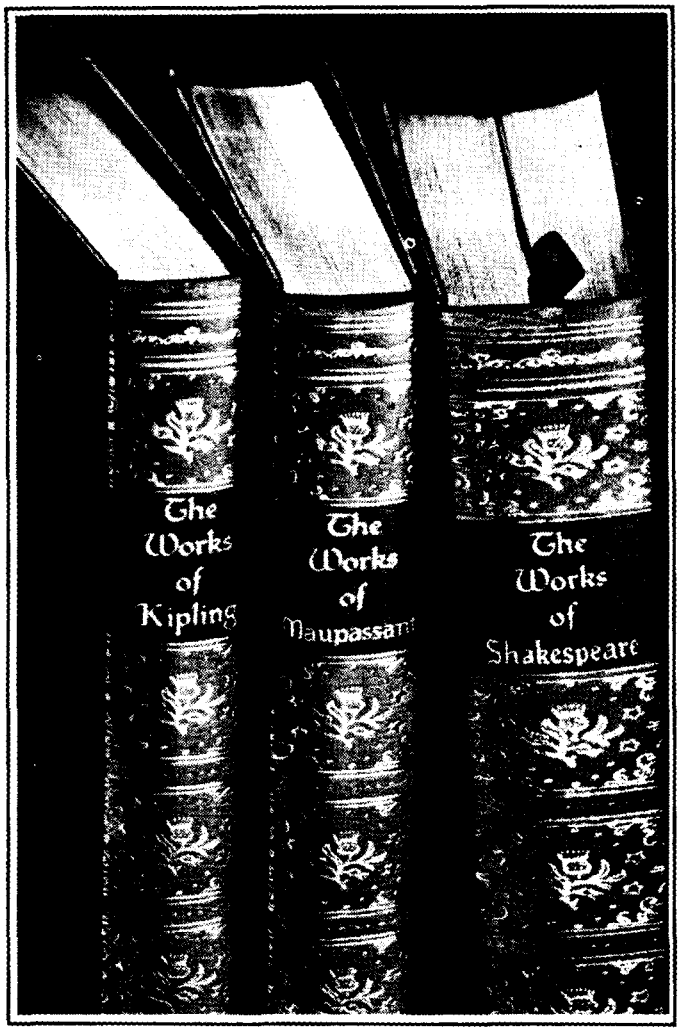

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plan to extract no more than 2.2 million barrels a day by late 1980. Of that, only 1.1 million barrels will be for export. (Iran was producing six million barrels a day before the upheaval shut down her industry completely.) There may be a gradual increase thereafter, but Energy Secretary James R. Schlesinger's hope that Mexico will be producing four to five million barrels a day by 1985 is unlikely to be realized. Lopez Portillo's term ends in 1982, and there is reason to believe that the man he picks to succeed him will follow his cautious oil policy.

Petroleum is but one of Mexico's several great natural assets. Fishing, mining, forestry, and agriculture—all now hampered by restrictive legislation of one kind or another—urgently need to be developed to provide some of the 800,000 new jobs that must be found annually for Mexico's exploding population. Mexican authorities believe that the $8 billion of annual oil and gas revenues in immediate prospect are all that can be effectively used for development in other fields. In short, the United States cannot count on buying as much Mexican oil as it needs.

Access to Mexican natural gas should be another, and easier, matter, but Jimmy Carter can hardly expect to do better than reinstate the gas deal which Schlesinger abruptly canceled a year ago. He will need all his charm to accomplish that.

Six U.S. companies had arranged to buy two million cubic feet of Mexican gas at $2.60 a thousand, which was the price of intrastate gas in Texas. A forty-inch pipeline was to be built from the giant Cactus field in Tabasco to the Texas border 1,100 miles away. Lopez Portillo not only had approved the deal, but with some effort had managed to calm the anti-Yanqui rancor still lingering in some of his associates as a result of the informal boycott U.S. and British oil companies called against Mexico after it expropriated their property, including the huge oil fields they had developed around Tampico.

For a while, everybody was reasonably happy. The U.S. had arranged for a secure and expandable source of much-needed fuel, and Mexico was getting a price both sides thought fair for a product that otherwise would largely have gone to waste.

At that point Schlesinger hurled a massive monkey-wrench into the works. He refused to sanction the deal because the U.S. was paying only $2.18 a thousand for gas from Canada. The Mexicans felt that he, as the only immediate prospective customer, was trying to take advantage of them. They pointed out that Canada had refused since 1970 to increase sales to the U.S., and that Schlesinger seemed to find nothing wrong with a price of $3 per thousand for frozen gas bought from Soviet-oriented Algeria. In a huff, Lopez Portillo said Mexico would terminate the pipeline, now scheduled for completion next March, at Monterrey and use the gas for Mexico's own industrial and house-heating needs. (In truth, however, Mexico's gas production is so large that millions of cubic feet have to be flared off and wasted every day.)

Then, just as hope for reviving the gas deal had begun to flicker into life again, Schlesinger came forth with a statement that the U.S. was not much interested in Mexican gas. That won him a new set of front-page headlines in Mexico, and official comment that the "energy czar" and the White House seemed unable to get their signals straight. Who, they asked, is boss up there?

If Carter can bring himself to cut through the red tape of the muddled U.S. energy policy and either make a new natural-gas deal or revive the old one, he can count his trip a success whatever happens with the other points at issue. The United States needs the gas, or soon will; Mexico needs the money and, unlike some more remote suppliers, will spend it in the United States.

Linkage, Mexican-Style

Two pipelines that formerly carried gas from Texas to Monterrey can readily be turned around to speed the initial supply across the border pending the extension of the forty-inch line to Texas as originally planned. What Carter needs to do, *Forbes* magazine said recently, is tell Lopez Portillo: "We're sorry. We want to buy your gas."

Meanwhile, Mexican efforts to link the problem of "undocumented workers," who are in the U.S. illegally, with oil or gas deals do not look promising. The problem arises from Mexico's prodigious birth rate and from the *ejido* system of government-controlled farming which—like collective farming in the Soviet Union—has been a failure from the day it was started more than a half-century ago. *Campesinos* flee by the millions into the cities—Mexico City, with 13 million people, now is the world's largest—or across the border, because they cannot make a living on the little patch of land the government allots them.

In the opinion of both Mexican and foreign authorities, the flight of the ill-clad, ill-fed, largely uneducated multitudes will continue until there is a complete change in Mexico's system of land tenure. To make the land flourish, the authorities must give those who farm it outright title to it. Many of today's "wetbacks" and *braceros* would be happy to stay on and improve the land if they owned it. Mexico could again become self-sufficient in food for its people.

Last Chance

Mexico's economy is beginning to recover from the slump into which it was plunged by the sharp devaluation of the peso three months before Lopez Portillo took office, in December of 1976. Authorities hope soon to restore the annual 6.5 per cent growth rate that made their country the envy of the Hemisphere a few years ago, and to bring inflation down (it is officially placed at 17 per cent, but in fact, it is much higher).

Responsible Mexicans deplore the prevalence of graft at almost every level of government. Their principal concern today is to see to it that the great influx of oil money is used for the long-term development of the nation, and not to line the pockets of rapacious politicians and labor union chiefs. For that reason, public opinion strongly supports President Lopez Portillo's plan for gradual development of petroleum resources. The hope is that a higher level of public morality will develop too.

Mexico's population will soar to 100 million by the year 2000. As many Mexicans see it, oil wealth offers their country its last chance to choose between becoming a poverty-stricken and mendicant Third World giant, or the highly developed, prosperous, and stable land that its natural resources and the abilities of its people could allow it to be.

In these terms, the long-range interests of the United States and Mexico obviously are identical. □

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HONG KONG MEETING

Mont Pélerin Strikes Again

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE MONT PÉLERIN Society—founded by Friedrich A. von Hayek shortly after the last war—recently held its biennial meeting, in Hong Kong. It was an improvement over the previous meeting—in St. Andrews, Scotland—in terms of food for both body (edible) and mind (stimulating). The Hong Kong meeting was dedicated to "the order of freedom" (i.e., anything goes) in general—and not, as the last one was, exclusively to Adam Smith. Many good papers were presented. I must arbitrarily single out a few.

George Stigler's presidential address on "Why have the Socialists been winning?" finally took up a topic that has been long evaded, perhaps because the group is dominated by economists, trained to analyze what a society must do to be efficient—and not often trained to analyze why societies don't do it. Stigler, stressing the "positive" factual approach that is cultivated in Chicago, and too often looked down upon from the Austrian Alps, pointed out that a proper theory about which social scheme —good or bad—will prevail must indicate: 1) what interest group will gain by that prevalence (and by what means); 2) why, of all the contending interest groups, that group will win out. Thus, the problem "is not to explain why the poor tax the rich"—the problem is to explain why they do so more in one country, at one time, in one way, than in another.

Why Government Grows

Harold Demsetz explained why government expenditures in the U.S. (local, state, and federal) have risen steadily, in war and in peace, from one-fifteenth of the national income in 1902 to more than one-third in 1970. Demsetz found that the increased national income we enjoy is created by specialized industries which readily become special-interest groups pressing for government expenditures favorable to them, even if not required by the public interest In the largely agricultural economy of the past, there was less pressure for such government activity. Demsetz foresaw at least a pause in the trend of governmental expansion, although, unless more effective ways are found to oppose it, it will resume.

Gary Becker's "The Effect of the State on the Family" was forceful and original, as was to be expected. A large proportion of governmental redistribution of income, contrary to what is generally believed, does not add to the income of the beneficiaries, but merely changes the source of that income. Becker showed this in considerable statistical detail. Thus when the government takes care of the old, the young reduce the amount of money they spend to support the old. Or, if the government takes care of children by paying educational expenses, parents correspondingly reduce the amount they spend to take care of their children. Thus, the beneficiaries do not receive more—they receive about the same, but from the taxpayers, rather than from their families. (Since not all families provide equally for their old or young, government programs tend to equalize the support they receive, even if they do not increase it—an effect Becker did not mention but would not find inconsistent with those he probed statistically.) Becker suggested many effects of the shift of altruism from family to taxpayer. There is a reduction of intrafamily dependencies. And "unskilled poor workers enter the uncovered sector of criminal activity because of the bleak prospect in legal employment due to minimum wage laws."

Of particular interest was the paper presented by Professor Nishiyama, "How should we evaluate teamwork?" Perhaps unreasonably, I had hoped for an explanation of the differences between Japanese and American labor relations. In brief, the Japanese worker gives his loyalty to the firm that employs him. He expects to spend his lifetime working for that firm and is trained not in one but (successively) in a number of skills used in the firm. His loyalty is fostered by management, which maintains excellent communications with the work force and helps to organize its whole life, providing housing, health care, entertainment, leisure activities, pension benefits, etc. There are advantages to such a system: less disruptive hostility between workers and bosses, a greater willingness to work, fewer strikes, a fuller amortization of the firm's investment in the training and care of its workers, and, therefore, a greater willingness to make that investment. There are also some disadvantages.

Unfortunately, the question, Why are Japanese labor relations so different from labor relations in the industrialized Western countries? was not answered. Professor Nishiyama pointed out, rightly, that there is little evidence for the major role often attributed to Japanese tradition. (Lifetime employment in industry was no more traditional then when industrialization occurred than it was in the West.) At one point he suggested that Japanese industry spends far more than American industry on training workers. But the data are admittedly unreliable and, depending on interpretation, the difference can become quite narrow. Moreover, whatever the difference between American and Japanese firms' expenditures, it seems no more an explanation of the differences in employment practices than a consequence of these differences.

Silliness and Psychology

Yet if we could learn a little about harmonious labor relations from the Japanese, our industry would become more productive. And besides, if our wages would rise in proportion to productivity, as they do in Japan, rather than being pushed far beyond it, we would get rid of one inflationary pressure. It is because they address questions such as these and stimulate research—even if they do not solve all problems—that meetings of the Mont Pélerin Society are so worthwhile.

I have left to the last F. A. von Hayek's paper on "The Three Sources of Human Value." His oral presentation went into other matters, but I shall stick to his paper. It begins with a critique of sociobiology, which Hayek accuses of concentrating on genetically determined values and of neglecting cultural ones, except for the "products of rational

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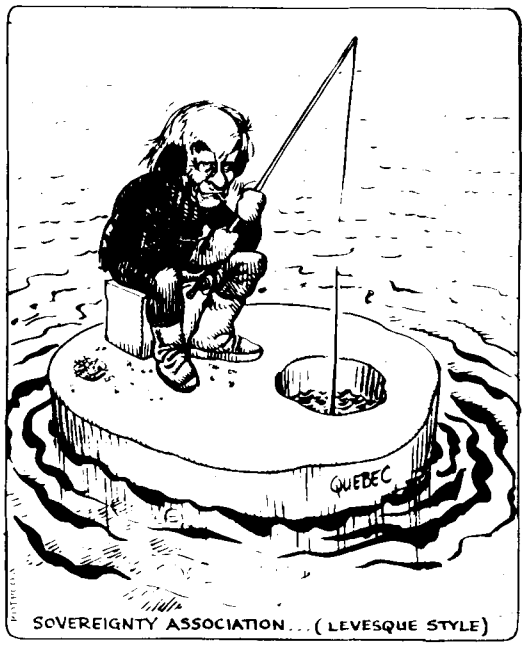

Dumped

How nice that Bella's on the street.
She isn't noble in defeat.
(She's *worse* in victory, so let's
Endure the wave of epithets.)
The President deserves a hand.
It's marvelous the girl got canned.
He sure won't miss that yard of tongue.
Also for dumping: Andrew Young.

W. H. VON DREELE

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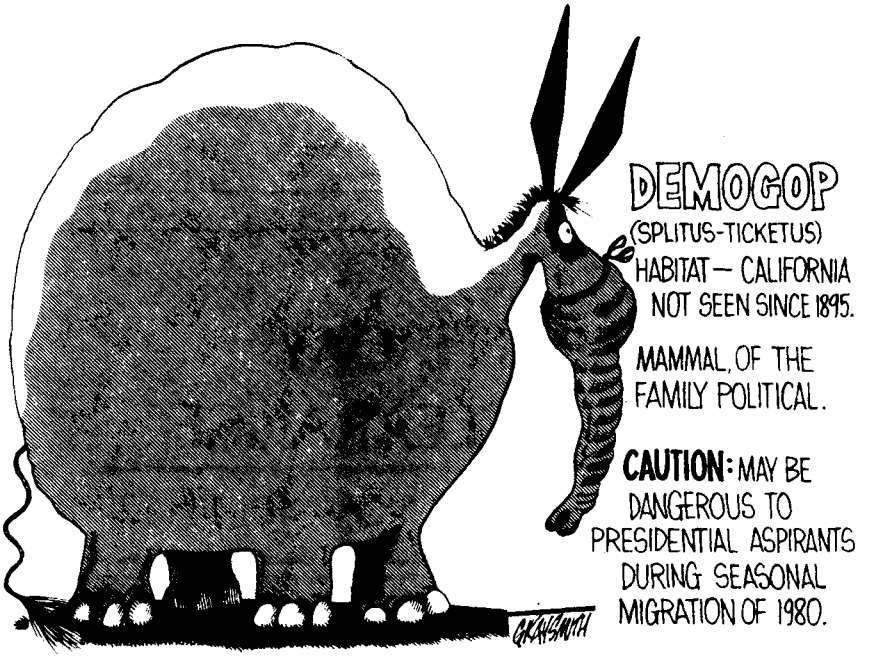

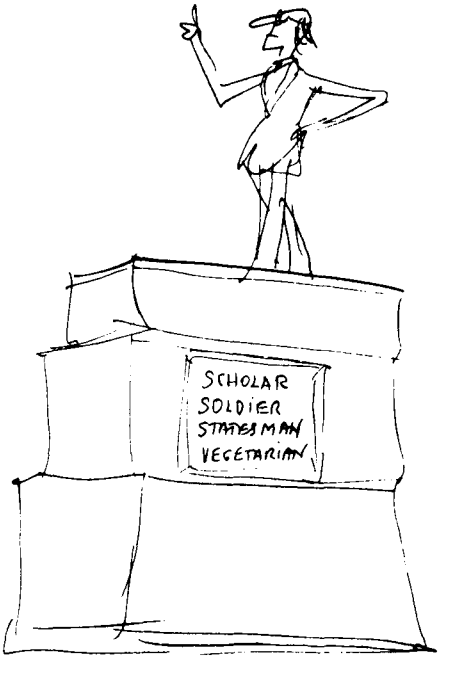

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SHCHARANSKY-GINZBURG

If they served no other purpose, the trials of the two dissidents should remind the West of one recurring fallacy: that which says that the Soviet system will change and gradually become more like our own

No Trespassing—Detente and the Neo-Stalinists

THOMAS M. MAGSTADT

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, *plus c'est la même chose*. To anyone who has followed the course of postwar Soviet history, the Shcharansky-Ginzburg trials which the Kremlin staged last year were all too familiar. Thirteen years ago the same gruesome game of juridical charades was played in the show trial of the dissidents Sinyavsky and Daniel. In the intervening years, Soviet authorities have kept up a continual, if somewhat desultory, campaign of pressure and intimidation against the courageous souls who dare to criticize the iron-fisted authoritarianism which pervades the Soviet Union. (Two months before the Shcharansky-Ginzburg trials, Yuri Orlov, a 53-year-old physicist and former chairman of the human rights monitoring committee in the Soviet Union, who had been held incommunicado for 15 months, was sentenced to seven years in jail and five years of banishment.)

None of these things should come as any great surprise. Through the pages of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *Cancer Ward*, and *The First Circle*, we in the West have been admitted into the very center of a ghastly world in which morality, human dignity, and respect for the truth are sacrificed on the altar of Party interest and *Machtpolitik*. In the *Gulag Archipelago* we see the monstrous shape of a police state carried to near-perfection—human beings swept into the great "sewage disposal system" of the Stalinist labor camps, men and women enslaved in the name of freedom, equality, and justice.

And yet the latest miscarriages of justice in the Soviet Union have elicited, in the West, expressions not only of shock and dismay, but also, curiously enough, of disappointment. There was an unmistakable sense of betrayal in the public reaction of the Carter Administration and the pronouncements of liberals and conservatives alike in the Congress. It was almost as if the Soviets, by these actions, had violated a sacred trust. And it is my thesis that this outpouring of indignation is rooted in the fact that both the Right and the Left have fallen prey to the fallacy that the Soviet system must ultimately change and become more like our own.

The Shcharansky-Ginzburg trials were significant not because there was anything terribly new about them but rather because there was something distinctly—and ominously—old about them. There is one significant difference, however, between the trial of Anatoly Shcharansky and virtually all other trials of dissidents in the Soviet Union since the death of Stalin. For example, in 1966 the writers Sinyavsky and Daniel were indicted under Section 1, Article 70 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Republic, which prohibits "agitation and propaganda with the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet regime or in order to commit particularly dangerous crimes against the state. . . ." Shcharansky, however, was charged not with mere "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda," but with espionage, a crime that is punishable by death.

Nor was the seriousness of the charge against Shcharansky the only "old" element in the latest trials. The indictment against Aleksandr Ginzburg alleged that he used money obtained from abroad (presumably royalties from books published in the West by his friend, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn) for illegal purposes—i.e., that he "financed the hostile activities of criminal elements, including professional murderers, former members of gangs, and henchmen of German fascists who took part in mass shootings of Soviet citizens."

So severe were the maximum penalties for such crimes under Soviet law, that the actual sentences appeared to be lenient (Shcharansky was sentenced to

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three years in prison followed by ten years in a forced-labor camp; Ginzburg was sentenced to eight years in a forced-labor camp). For anyone familiar with the patterns of political persecution in the days of Stalin and Beria, however, the Machiavellian character of these sham proceedings could not fail to send shivers down the spine.

THE GREAT surge of postwar political repression that eventually engulfed the whole satellite empire began around 1947 with a shrill and phantasmagoric campaign against "rootless cosmopolitanism." In Stalinist demonology, this epithet was interchangeable with "Soviet Jewry." In partnership with American Imperialism, the Zionists were intensifying their efforts to undermine the world socialist movement and, in particular, the motherland of the Great October Revolution.

This theme of Soviet Jewry as the Trojan Horse of "monopoly capitalism" and "imperialism" was never very far beneath the surface in these witch hunts. The most fantastic episode occurred in 1952—the so-called Doctors' Plot. The Kremlin, in a thinly contrived conspiracy case, claimed that a group of Jewish doctors, purportedly led by Stalin's personal physician, V. N. Vinogradov, had plotted to "cut short the lives of active public figures of the Soviet Union through wrecking methods of medical treatment." Some of these "murderer doctors" were allegedly "connected with the international Jewish bourgeois organization 'Joint,' established by American intelligence"; others, including Vinogradov, were "old agents of British Intelligence." In his admirable biography of Stalin, Adam Ulam writes:

> The year 1952 marked the height of the "anti-Zionist" drive. It was in that summer that Lozovsky and some other Jewish literary and public figures, imprisoned in 1949, were tried and shot. The international Jewish conspiracy was now very much on Stalin's mind. In Czechoslovakia the noose was tightening around the necks of high Party and state officials headed by Rudolf Slansky, once the country's Number Two Communist. In November 1952, they were sentenced—11 to death, three to life imprisonment—on the fantastic charges of having been Western agents recruited by the Zionists. Eleven of them were Jewish, and their public trial had strong anti-semitic undertones.

The point to be stressed here is that in all the KGB-inspired and -engineered trials, the defendants were charged not merely with "anti-Soviet" or anti-socialist activities, but with the far more odious crime of falling into the illicit embrace of "imperialist" and "fascist" intelligence agencies. In the Czech trial, the accusation against Slansky and his co-conspirators ran:

> . . . that, as traitors, Trotskyists-Titoists-Zionists, bourgeois nationalists, and enemies of the Czech people, of the people's democratic regime, and of socialism, they created, in the service of the American imperialists and under the leadership of Western intelligence services, a center of conspiracy against the state. . . .

Taken together, the charge against Ginzburg—that he "financed the hostile activities of . . . henchmen of German fascists who took part in mass shootings of Soviet citizens"—coupled with the charge of espionage against Shcharansky, approaches uncomfortably close to the coloration of the fantastic charges made against Slansky and his fellow victims in 1952. Moreover, the same Machiavellian motives—turning the natural anti-Stalinist sentiment back on itself and fostering anti-imperialist xenophobia—were transparently present in both instances.

That Shcharansky and Ginzburg are Soviet Jews is not coincidental. Shcharansky is a "refusenik": a Jew who has applied for permission to emigrate (to Israel) and been refused. His wife, who now does live in Israel, undertook a courageous personal campaign to persuade Western governments to apply diplomatic pressure on behalf of her husband. In Stalin's day, these circumstances alone would have constituted proof of the Zionist proclivities and "cosmopolitan" connections of Shcharansky. Do they still? Has the "system" really changed since Stalin's death, or can a man still be condemned in a closed court proceeding, on the most preposterous charges, supported by "evidence" which will forever remain entombed in the archives of the Soviet secret police?

The answer, sad to say, is that nothing has changed. In his remarkable autobiography, *The Confession*, Artur London lays bare the grisly machinery of a Stalinist show trial from the perspective of one of the rare victims who lived to tell about it. London was one of the 14 co-defendants in the Slansky trial and one of the three who got a "light" sentence—life imprisonment. (He was released from prison in 1956.) London and the 13 other defendants were eventually exonerated, most of them posthumously, and given the highest decorations of the Czech state.

> ***The Brezhnev-Kosygin 'collective leadership' has been nothing if not consistent. It has not been a question of whether dissenters would be punished, but only of when and how***

For anyone who has read London's book, some parallels with last summer's trials are so striking that it is difficult to suppress the sensation of *déjà-vu*. Take, for example, the heroic courage of the families, and especially the wives, of these latter-day "dead souls." Much as London's wife did, the wives of Shcharansky and Ginzburg have waged a solitary war against the injustice done to their husbands. In their struggle they may well have taken heart from the example of Lise London, whose unstinting faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice did not go unrewarded.

But the grim fact remains that it was only because of an extraordinary conjunction of personal and political circumstances that Artur London was freed, in February 1956—

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the very month in which Nikita Khrushchev made his momentous secret speech denouncing the crimes of Stalin. Without the life-saving death of Stalin, London and countless others would surely have been doomed to remain in prison till the end of their days despite all intercessions on their behalf. But Stalin's death was only one link in a chain of political accidents which produced the evanescent "liberalization" of the mid-Fifties.

Consider the following: 1) Stalin died in the act of launching a new campaign of terror; 2) Stalin's apprentices, having mastered the art of manipulating fear and suspicion, could not now transcend their suspicions of one another; 3) the imperatives of the emergent power struggle impelled one of the protagonists to raise the banner of de-Stalinization; 4) Nikita Khrushchev, the winner in the leadership sweepstakes, was something of a riverboat gambler, an adventurer, a man given to hare-brained schemes and bold experiments. In 1956, Khrushchev gambled on de-Stalinization and almost lost. And the "thaw" which ensued was not so much a sustained heat wave as a warming trend which was often—and without any warning—interrupted by a new cold spell.

Since Khrushchev's ouster in 1964, we have been spared the embarrassments and frustrations of trying to predict the unpredictable: the Brezhnev-Kosygin "collective leadership" has been nothing if not consistent (and egalitarian) in its harsh treatment of dissidents. It has not been a question of *whether* dissenters would be punished, but only of when and how. (The sole exception to this otherwise ironclad rule is Andrei Sakharov, the Nobel Prize–winning nuclear physicist who has carried on a solitary crusade for freedom and human dignity for a decade.) The Soviet system has reverted to type.

Nor is the peculiar concatenation of circumstances that resulted in the vindication of some of the victims of Stalin's last purge likely to be repeated. Although Brezhnev is clearly first among equals in the ruling Politburo, he is not an all-powerful potentate like Stalin. His health may be unstable, but the post-Brezhnev leadership probably will not be. Among those in the inner circle, there is no one likely to embark on the kind of quixotic ventures that characterized (and cut short) Khrushchev's reign. Furthermore, the transfer of power from Brezhnev's "collective leadership" could be as smooth and bloodless as the surprisingly graceful changeover from Khrushchev to the triumvirate of Brezhnev-Kosygin-Podgorny. Thus, anyone expecting a revival of official anti-Stalinism or a new outbreak of liberalism in the Soviet Union had better not hold his breath.

So it was not Lise London's courage nor her many connections within the "movement" on both sides of the Iron Curtain that brought about her husband's release. Nor was it the inexorable force of the conviction that "the truth will triumph," as London himself so ingenuously postulates at the end of his story. It was a political accident—and one that is not likely to be repeated for the benefit of Shcharansky and Ginzburg. Furthermore, there is nothing in the present neo-Stalinist system which forces those in positions of authority to act in conformance with abstract principles of justice, or, for that matter, with concrete canons of law.

Theoretically, it is not impossible to get a fair trial under the Soviet legal system. Official spokesmen were at pains to stress that prescribed legal procedures were being strictly observed in the trials of Shcharansky and Ginzburg. But as always the proceedings went forward under the cloak of secrecy; people admitted into the courtroom were carefully screened; and the trial appeared to be directed by an unseen hand according to a carefully prepared and rehearsed script.

It is a sad commentary on "socialist legality" that one could predict the outcome of these trials as easily as one could in Stalin's day. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. The only question was how severe the punishment would be. The difference between a death sentence and ten years at hard labor is not the sort of thing a man of thirty or even forty can afford to take lightly. As it happened, the sentences were quite severe even by Soviet standards, although this fact was under-appreciated because of the relief at the news that Shcharansky would not be put to death.

The trials do not presage a return to Stalinist terror, but they do convey a message to those in the West who continue to nurse illusions about the Soviet system: No Trespassing! Keep Out!

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the nuclear-test-ban treaty, the hot line, SALT, and a hundred more measures just like them, however desirable, can never change the fundamental character of the Soviet regime. The resurgence among American liberals of faith in the power of world opinion preceded the advent of President Carter. However, the fact that Carter chose to make a moral crusade for human rights the cornerstone of his foreign policy gave enormous impetus to this development. Shortly after taking office, he proclaimed our confidence "that democracy's example will be compelling . . ." At the same time, he ceremoniously pronounced an end to the cold war: "Being confident in our own future, we are now free of that inordinate fear of Communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in our fear." These statements place President Carter well within the margins of the idealistic tradition in American foreign policy.

But atavistic impulses are not the monopoly of liberal idealists and neo-Wilsonians. The conservative realists have revived elements of the nineteenth century free-trade doctrines which saw the allure of commercial advantage as the key to world peace and prosperity. This image was clearly imprinted on the Jackson-Vanik Amendment, which made U.S. most-favored-nation trade benefits contingent upon the Soviet Union's liberalization of its policy toward Jewish emigration. This attempt to use material means to achieve moral ends is not new, but it is strange to see conservative American politicians investing their political capital in such a shaky enterprise.

The view that a) the Soviet system is subject to change and b) the U.S. can do something to affect the course of that change is not confined to American officialdom. Dissident intellectuals in this country (often in the guise of re-

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visionist historians) have devoted reams of nonsense to defending the proposition that the Soviet Union would be sweetness and light if the United States would only call off the cold war. For example, William Blanchard in his recent book, *Aggression American Style*, writes:

> There has long been, in this country, an implication that all capitalists represent the "free" world and that all atheists and Marxists deprive their citizens of human rights as a matter of doctrine. If we really believe this, we will perceive a deprivation of human rights in all states that are admittedly Marxist. In reality, there is no fundamental incompatibility between Marxism and human rights, although it is certainly true that Marxist regimes have deprived their citizens of human rights, as have monarchies and capitalist states. *The history of the past forty years might have been very different if we had been able to acknowledge this possibility.* [Emphasis mine.]

The inference that "Marxist" regimes would become more liberal and democratic if the Western democracies would adopt more enlightened policies is clear and unmistakable.

There is a sense in which a kind of meeting of the minds occurs even between Soviet dissidents who denounce the Stalinist system and American apologists who defend it. For instance, Pyotr Grigorenko stated flatly that Ginzburg's sentence of eight years at hard labor would have been even stiffer if the free world had not raised a public outcry over the trials. Even more to the point, when Avital Shcharansky came to the United States to plead her husband's case at the White House, she expressed the firm belief that the United States could influence the course of internal affairs in the USSR. Appealing to the United States to withdraw from the 1980 Olympics in Moscow, she said:

> Probably the Soviet Union does not understand words. It is time to act. The rest of the world is looking on. I appeal to members of the U.S. Congress. *It depends on you now whether people back in the Soviet Union . . . will get help* or whether the same catastrophe that happened forty years ago will be repeated. [Emphasis mine.]

Sakharov, in his book *Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom*, expresses the same idea. In fact, the whole dissident movement is predicated on the belief that if public opinion in the West can be aroused through acts of martyrdom in the Soviet Union, the result will be to force the present regime to reform itself.

President Carter, Senator Jackson, Professor Blanchard, and Andrei Sakharov make strange bedfellows. There is only one discernible thing that they have in common: a belief that the United States can, in the words of Congressman Donald Fraser, "nudge governments along the path to even wider observance of human rights." What is necessary is a "judicious understanding of what we are capable of achieving" (Fraser), or a willingness to place certain moral principles, such as human rights, ahead of the "bugaboo of national interests" (Blanchard).

The common flaw in all such sentiments is grounded in the failure to distinguish between regimes in which the denial of human rights is an inherent part of the political system and regimes in which it is not. In the latter case, diplomatic pressures may well yield the desired results; in the former, they are only likely to backfire.

This, indeed, is the most compelling explanation of the Shcharansky-Ginzburg trials and, in particular, of their timing. The trials do not presage a return to Stalinist terror, but they do convey a message to those in the West who continue to nurse illusions about the mellowing of the Soviet system. This message is as intentional as it is unambiguous: NO TRESPASSING! KEEP OUT! By staging mock trials of Shcharansky and Ginzburg when they did, by thumbing their noses at detente and calling Jimmy Carter's bluff on human rights, the Soviets were quite deliberately putting the new Administration on notice that within their own domain they are absolute lord and master.

It was no accident that Orlov, Shcharansky, and Ginzburg were all arrested within two months of Carter's assumption of office. They were being held hostage. If that seems too brutal and Machiavellian for those of us who have not been educated in the Stalin school of public affairs to believe, so be it. But the truth in this case is appallingly simple: some things never change.

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Epilogue

At the time of this writing, a prisoner swap, involving Shcharansky's release to the West in exchange for the release of a Soviet spy, is being talked about. If this deal is eventually struck, it will be hailed by optimists in the West as proof of the mellowing of the Soviet system. While everyone who loves freedom will breathe a sigh of relief when and if Shcharansky is released, no one should think for a minute that the Soviets will have acted on humanitarian grounds.

The practice of banishing famous dissidents like Solzhenitsyn or Amalrik is not motivated by pangs of conscience. Rather, it is simply a measure of the greater sophistication of the Soviets in coping with the perennial problem of dissent at home while simultaneously pursuing pragmatic aims abroad. Every time the Soviets banish a well-known political prisoner to the West, public opinion in the Free World is soothed and reassured. The external propaganda value of such a magnanimous gesture is hard to exaggerate. Exile, to the American man-in-the-street, is equivalent to emancipation. But it goes without saying that for Russian nationalists like Solzhenitsyn, banishment can be a kind of spiritual damnation as bad as or worse than physical "isolation."

At the same time, banishment serves a three-fold purpose at home: 1) it removes a raucous and rasping voice from the domestic scene; 2) it serves as a warning to would-be imitators of men like Ginzburg and Shcharansky; 3) it has inestimable domestic propaganda value: if the Soviets agree to trade Shcharansky for a convicted spy, they will point to the deal as proof that Shcharansky really *is* a spy. Moreover, it would lend credence to the trials and create the appearance of a clever diplomatic *démarche*: they trade the "traitor" Shcharansky for a true-red Soviet patriot.

NOTHING said so far should be construed as opposition to a prisoner exchange. If the exchange does not come off, the hard-liners in the West will get a fresh supply of ammunition. If it does come off, the soft-liners will think themselves vindicated. In point of fact, either outcome might perhaps have significant implications for Soviet-American relations, but not for the character of the present regime. Anyone who doubts this conclusion might ask himself a simple question: How much would the release of Shcharansky really advance the cause of human rights in the USSR? □

I've Also Got a Little List

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list.
Of society offenders who might well be under ground,
Who never would be missed—who never would be missed.
—W. S. GILBERT

The aides, renouncing loyalties,
Who, jailed or not as crooks,
Live royally on royalties
By writing trumped-up books.

Chic hostesses who ask you to
Their homes for repartee
And think they're entertaining you
By turning on TV.

Dull bumblers nattering "y'know"
Like some loose-screwed machine,
Then tacking on the quite *de trop*,
Quite meaningless, "I mean."

All landlords, howsoever they
Plead *their* predicaments,
Who, figuring we'll have to pay,
Raise, raise, raise, raise our rents.

Those snoopy relatives who call
When you have work to do,
With not a thing to say at all
But want to know, "What's new?"

Intense Anita Bryant types
So holier-than-thou
They're sure *their* creeds, *their* Stars and Stripes
Are paradise enow.

Those TV stand-up comics who
Earn pots and pots of money
For telling hoary jokes that you
Think woefully unfunny.

And mostly those politicos
Because of whose mills' grist
Inflation grows and grows and grows—
They *never* would be missed.

—CORINNA MARSH

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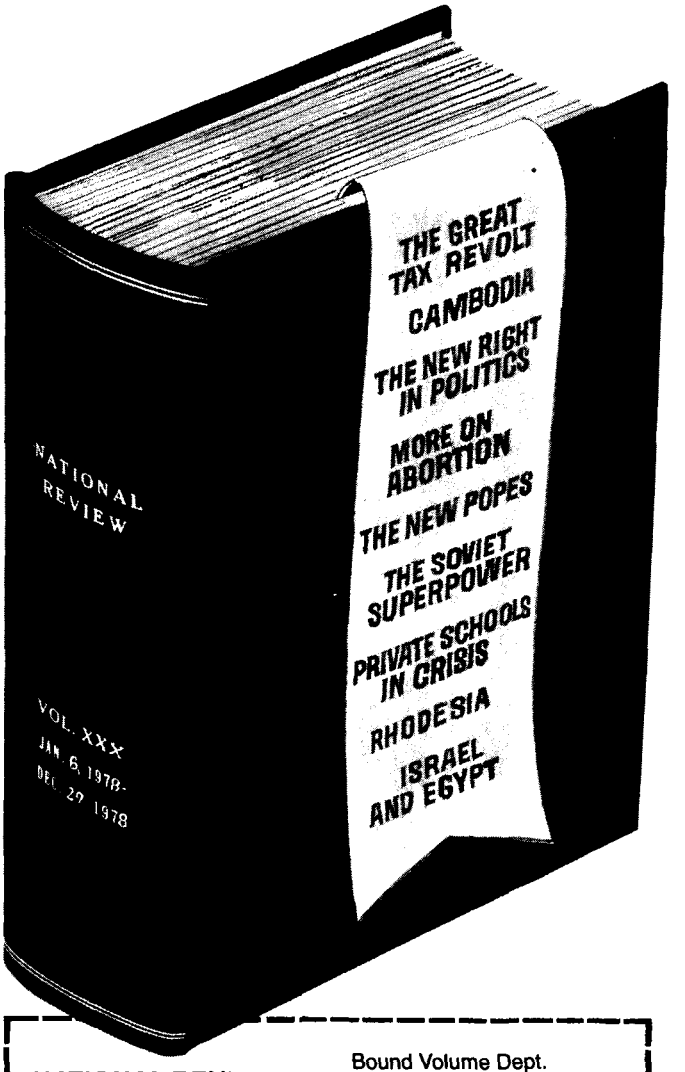

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Tradition-Loving

So far as I know, only three liberal-arts colleges for men survive in this land: in order of founding, Hampden-Sydney, Washington and Lee, and Wabash. (There may be others, but I have not visited them, if they exist.) Although colleges for young women have diminished in number, too, still a good many endure—and some that opened their doors to men have found it well to confine themselves, after all, to the gentler sex.

Even though the three universities which I happened to attend all admitted women as well as men, still I am of the opinion that one obtains a better education by enrolling in a college that welcomes only one's own sex. The dating-and-mating pattern of the typical American college, however much it promotes sociability, does not encourage application to one's folios. Nor ought men and women to be identically schooled, at any level, if it can be helped; different created He them, and those differences ought to be cherished, for they make life vastly more interesting for everybody.

Not long ago I spent some days at Hampden-Sydney College (founded in 1776, the tenth oldest institution of higher education in these United States) in Virginia, far from the madding crowd. The occasion of my visit was my appointment as a Hampden Fellow.

John Randolph's plantation of Bizarre lay near Hampden-Sydney, and Randolph's opinion of the college, then young, was not much more kindly than his opinion of Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, and other worthies. Still, his remarks about "your great Hampden-Sydney" were less mordant than they might have been, perhaps because a principal founder of the college had been Patrick Henry, so much admired by Randolph of Roanoke. (James Madison, too, was a founder; but Randolph detested Madison.) In no small part, the college looks as it did in Randolph's time, for several handsome brick buildings of the 1820s and 1830s survive, and most of the recent buildings harmonize beautifully with the senior ones. The charming campus covers six hundred acres, which means that there is nearly an acre per student. There is no town at all, really: to find a shop, one has to go several miles to Farmville, the county seat, itself a little place.

Hampden-Sydney, whose young men still possess tolerable manners, suffered scarcely at all from the violent follies of undergraduates during the Sixties; and it has suffered less than most colleges from academic fad, foible, and decay of standards. It still is possible to obtain a liberal education here: there are seven courses in Greek, seven in Latin, and seven more in related "classical studies"; there are numerous courses in philosophy, and in Bible and religion; four modern languages are taught; there is a good program in history, and also in government; the natural sciences are not neglected, with emphasis upon physics.

By providence or chance, rather than from deliberate choice, Hampden-Sydney has remained on the humane scale. Once it had a medical school (in Richmond) and a divinity school, but such enlargements were given up, so that the education of undergraduates is the college's only purpose. During my own college days, it was discovered that Hampden-Sydney then had a higher proportion of its graduates listed in *Who's Who* than had any other college in America. One President of the United States (William Henry Harrison), a dozen United States senators and 33 representatives, 12 governors, eight ambassadors, and many more public men have studied here.

The college took its name from two radical parliamentarians of the seventeenth century, and its theology from the Presbyterian profession; it was intended in 1776 to be a counterweight to the College of William and Mary. Yet, as Patrick Henry, for all his bold rhetoric, was no radical at bottom and became at length a pillar of order, so Hampden-Sydney College became, and remains, a bulwark of the culture of the Old Dominion. Virginia is the most civilized state in the Union, and Hampden-Sydney has played its part in the shaping of the Virginian mind and temper.

Nowadays Hampden-Sydney is doing substantially what its founders meant the college to do: that is, to develop, on a modest scale, a body of young men who will be leaders in many walks of life. It pursues an ethical end through intellectual means.

I do not mean that Hampden-Sydney is developing an "elite." People who denounce "elitism" are right, after a fashion, although usually right for the wrong reasons. An "elite," a modern notion and development, commonly is arrogant and narrow-minded, puffed up with a little technological or specialized learning. A genuinely liberal education is precisely what a modern "elite" does not obtain.

Hampden-Sydney, rather, does its part to maintain a *class* of men with some development of reason, conscience, and imagination: a class—if you don't boggle at old-fangled phrases—of Christian gentlemen. A gentleman, you know, is a person who never calls himself one. Also, he is a person who dislikes the notion of an artificially reared elite.

And how does a college help to form Christian gentlemen, in this brazen age of ours? By a certain intellectual discipline, in part; by the imparting of manners, also; and by association between a group of educated men with decent principles and manners, called professors, and a number of young men of sound instincts and aspirations, called students. Yes, Hampden-Sydney still has such professors—among them my host, Graves Thompson, Blair Professor of Latin, much revered by the students. And when I was a graduate student at Duke University, I studied under another, the late Charles Sydnor, a graduate of Hampden-Sydney.

None of my children, still so young, ever will attend Hampden-Sydney; for all four of them are daughters. But to sons and fathers, I do commend this tradition-loving college that has not gone ganging after strange gods. □

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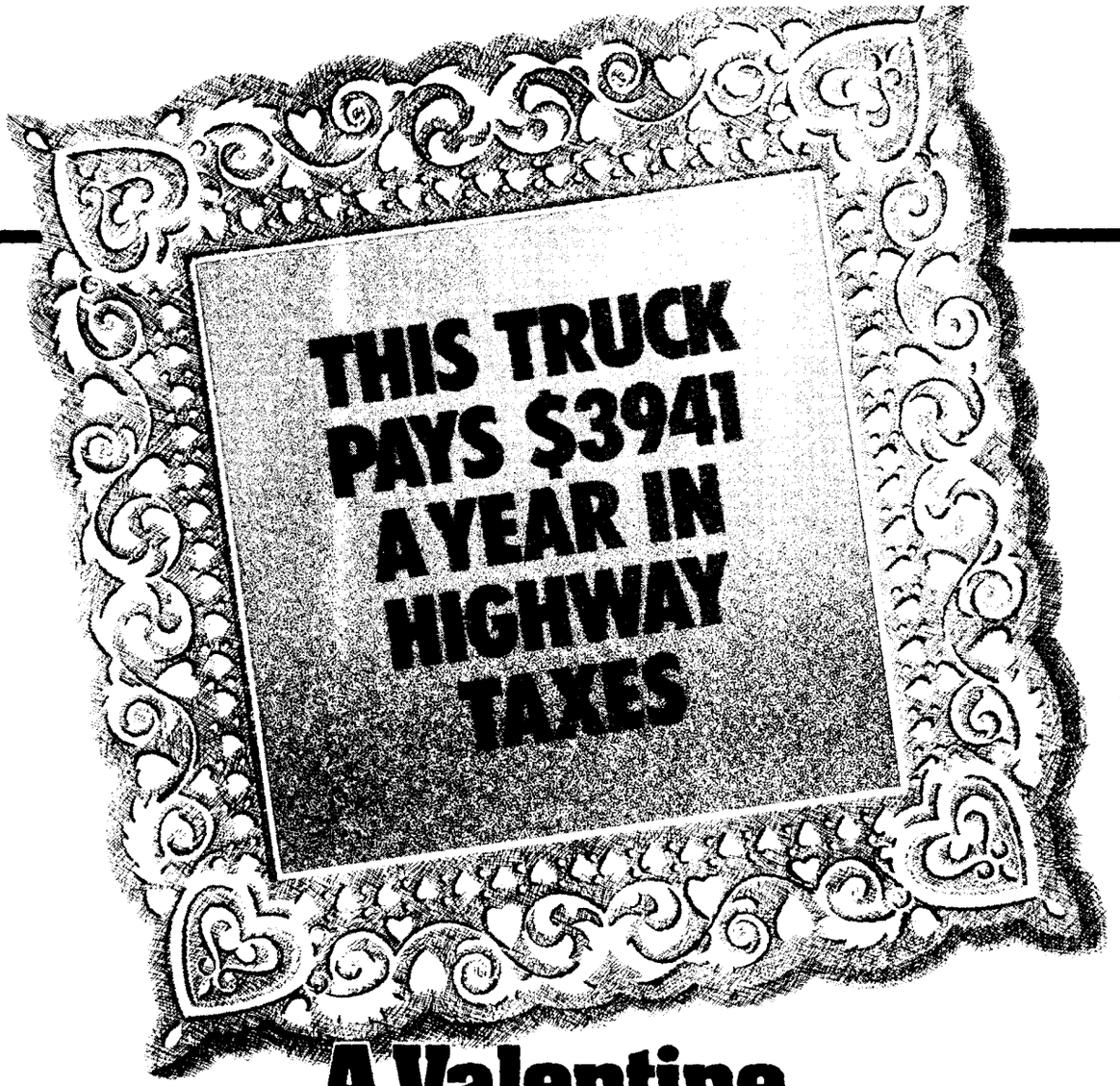

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Up with Eurocommunism?

Sage Brush
DALE VREE

IT IS PROBABLY perilous to think nice thoughts about Eurocommunism in these pages, but I'm going to risk it. Having lived under socialism with an inhuman face (East Germany—for almost five months in 1966) and having written a stern critique of attempts to synthesize Marxism and Christianity (*On Synthesizing Marxism and Christianity* [Wiley, 1976]), I presume I will not be mistaken for a dopey political innocent.

The July-August 1978 issue of *Problems of Communism* contains an article called "Moscow and the 'Eurocommunists'" by Richard Lowenthal, a leading Sovietologist. Lowenthal notes that while the Eurocommunists have in varying degrees stood up to the Soviet Union, they have never been formally excommunicated; indeed the Soviets have even made certain tactical concessions. Nevertheless, the Soviets are sorely vexed by the Eurocommunist position that a multi-party system and civil liberties are indispensable to socialism in the West, and that such a system and such liberties would allow for the possible ouster of a socialist government in free elections. This position directly threatens the ideological legitimacy of the Soviet system, a threat that reached its apogee in April 1978 when the Spanish Party decided to stop calling itself "Marxist-Leninist." But in spite of these provocations, the Eurocommunists have not been anathematized.

Tolerable Heresies

Curiously, however, when the Czechs tried to institutionalize these kinds of ideas in 1968, the Soviets did more than hurl anathemas, they threw in tanks. Lowenthal, a West German social democrat, suggests that the heresies of the Eurocommunists are tolerable to the Soviets so long as the Eurocommunists stay out of power and are thus unable to practice what they preach—thereby not presenting an alternative to the single-party Soviet model in socialist Europe.

An implication of Lowenthal's account—which he does not state—is that gradual inclusion of, say, the Italian Communist Party (PCI) in the Italian government may be just what the doctor ordered to force a break between the Soviets and the PCI. Perhaps Western governments should look with benign eyes upon Communist entry into the Italian government (if this sounds zany, review Ernest van den Haag's "Coalition in Italy? The Case for It" in the November 7, 1975 *NR*). Because Italy does not border on any Soviet satellite and because Italy falls under the protective umbrella of NATO (which even the PCI does not want to dispense with), the Soviets lack any realistic opportunity to send in tanks. Were Italy to develop an authentically *democratic* socialism (which does not exist anywhere in the world), there would be a sort of "Czechoslovakia" in the West—well insulated from Soviet aggression—to strike fear and trembling into the hearts of the autocrats in Eastern Europe. Of course, there would be risks for the West—the PCI could turn out to be totalitarian at heart and might somehow seize total power. But the risks to the East would seem to be more profound—the erection of a viable and contagious socialist alternative to the Soviet model. Because of PCI participation in the experiment, this rival model would have to be taken very seriously by the Communists in Eastern Europe. Pressure for "Italianization" in Eastern Europe could become overwhelming.

How would the Church of Rome fare? Probably rather well, thanks in part to the vigorous and no-nonsense Pope John Paul II. The Cardinal Archbishop of Krakow didn't have too much trouble handling the Polish Communists, and I doubt that the Italian Communists would be any tougher to get along with. Besides, the Polish Church has more than survived under Communism, it has prospered—vividly reminding us that the Gates of Hell will never prevail against Holy Mother Church.

How would capitalism fare? Not so well, but there could be some surprises. Any democratic socialism would likely be a *market* socialism—that is, minimally bureaucratic, thanks to decentralized economic decision-making, the relatively free play of supply and demand, and material incentives. Revisionist Marxists can be heard saying that Marxian socialism actually *requires* the market. Monolithic command economies create an oppressive and alienating New Class that is antithetical to workers' power. The market plus workers' self-management could help make a "workers' state" really look and feel like a workers' state. According to Arthur DiQuattro, "Workers' ownership and control, socialist justice, the historic role of the proletariat are of greater significance in Marx's scheme of things than his critique of the market, and if the former cannot be reconciled with the latter, then the latter must go" (see DiQuattro, "Alienation and Justice in the Market," *The American Political Science Review*, September 1978). It is not far-fetched to imagine that the PCI would want to move toward a market socialism. This would not be capitalism, but it would preserve some of its best features.

The Nexus

Am I just talking fuzzy-minded nonsense? Maybe, but as we move toward a new decade I wouldn't be surprised to see a lot of the old, rigid ideological categories of cold war vintage (and beyond) melt away.

For example, Leszek Kolakowski, a Marxist–turned–social democrat, instructs us, in the October 1978 *Encounter*, "How to Be a Conservative-Liberal Socialist." With the conservatives, he agrees that destruction of the family, the nation, and religion will not increase human happiness, indeed "we would do well to expect the worst"; he also holds that the *idée fixe* of the Enlightenment—that human nature can be fundamentally altered by social reform—is "highly dangerous." With liberals, he agrees that competition and individual initiative are virtues. With socialists, he affirms that "it is absurd and hypocritical to conclude that, simply because a perfect, conflictless society is impossible, every existing form of inequality is inevitable and all ways of profit-making justified."

Conservatism, liberalism, and democratic socialism are, says Kolakowski, no longer mutually exclusive options. Given half a chance, Italy may demonstrate that not even Communism need be an exclusive option. □

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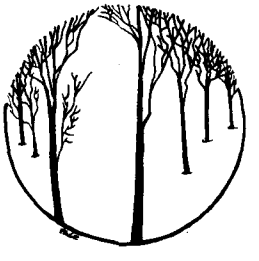
To a Correspondent From Missouri

Joyce's Voices
By Hugh Kenner
University of California, 120 pp., $8.95

DONALD HALL

Criticism is a rare art. I mean useful, readable acts of the intelligence in collusion with the text. Since the advent of English Departments, with their injunctions that professors must publish, the publication of pseudo-criticism has become a scandal and a commonplace. Every year thousands of books and articles in flatulent prose record tedious opinion, analysis, and comparison. In the history of literature, good poets outnumber good critics a hundred to one. Even now in America, where it is democratic to write and publish ghastly poems, where poetasters proliferate like October leaves, the poets are better than the critics. The usual literary critic flees terrified from the prospect of encountering a text, flees into literary history, into biography, into exposition of an author's ideas, or into critical theories which serve to obliterate the text supposedly undertaken.

To read a new book by Hugh Kenner is to realize again that the enterprise is possible after all—if the critic be wise enough, learned enough, witty enough, and if he care for literature. When Kenner first published, his prose was inelegant and his manners deplorable; the intelligence seemed engaged in a struggle to show itself off. But for two decades now, in book after book of a remarkably prolific career, he has drawn our attention to beloved texts. His endeavor has been the explication of modernism in our language: Ezra Pound, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Samuel Beckett, Wyndham Lewis . . . For Kenner has never shirked difficulty when picking the objects of his short list.



Joyce's Voices is a long essay, a hundred pages of further notes on James Joyce—especially on *Ulysses*—by an author who earlier published one large book on Joyce and then wrote about him again in *The Pound Era*, the huge book which is Kenner's best. *Joyce's Voices* is published by the University of California Press as a Quantum Book, an intelligently conceived series "short enough to be read in an evening and significant enough to be a book." The volume is easy to handle and a delight to read. And Kenner's leaping wit, his metaphors, his transitions from insight to insight, his lively attention to Joyce's invention—these qualities make it difficult, if you pick the book up one evening, not to finish it before turning off the light. But it will be a delight only for its performing sentences unless you know *Ulysses* fairly well. It assumes familiarity in the reader, and it condescends to nobody. It gives fine attention to small matters—and it casts a strong light on hitherto misunderstood notions of Joyce's narration.

The book began, we are told, in answer to a question asked in a letter.

> A correspondent from Missouri inquired: "In your book, *A Homemade World*, on page 155, you write, 'Joyce began *Ulysses* in naturalism and ended it in parody, understanding more profoundly than any of his followers that naturalism cannot end anywhere else, and a law like the hidden law that governs the unfolding of styles in *Ulysses* brought Hemingway to self-parody at last, as though, not understanding the history disclosed by Joyce, he was condemned to repeat it.'
>
> "Would you mind briefly explaining this sentence? . . ."

The "man from Missouri" now receives *Joyce's Voices* in answer. Briefly Kenner explains his sentence—and it needed explaining—in this dense essay. Generations now have worried over Joyce's gargantuan parodies, and their structural relationship to the different book he seemed to have begun—a naturalistic novel with parallels to Homer.

Kenner explains the function of parody in narration by reference to what he calls the "Uncle Charles Principle." Wyndham Lewis objected to Joyce's diction describing Uncle Charles in *Portrait*. Kenner shows how Joyce's narrative used Uncle-Charles-diction to describe Uncle Charles—and how Joyce used the same technique earlier in *Dubliners* and later, massively, in *Ulysses*. "The Dead," for instance, begins with a sentence of astonishingly bad writing: "Lily, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet." Even Rudolf Flesch must have censured this use of "literally"—to mean "figuratively"—and yet herds of commentators have failed to see what Joyce was doing in this sentence. He characterizes Lily by composing a sentence about her, in the third person, using language she might have used herself. (And in *Ulysses* we have twenty pages about Gerty Mac-

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Donald Hall's *latest book is* Kicking the Leaves. . . . **Selden Rodman**, *a critic and playwright, is a frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **Herbert Ruhm** *is a free-lance literary critic.*

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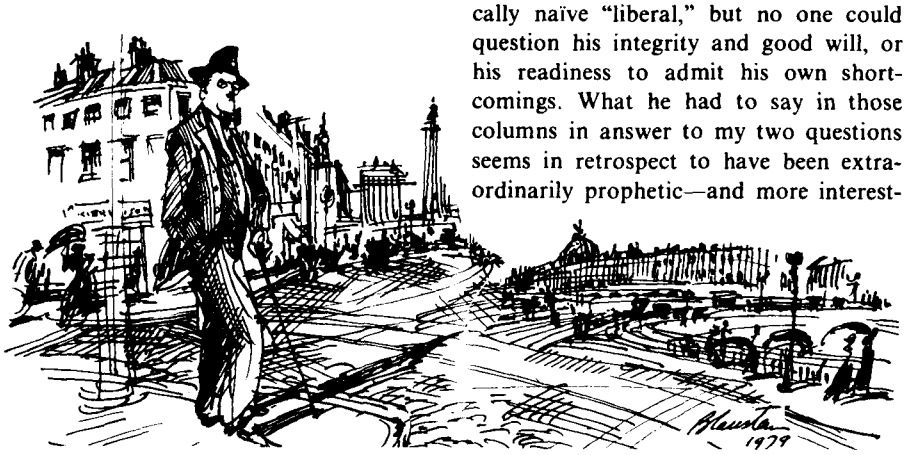
Dowell in language she could have learned from the Princess novelette) Lily identifies herself as "the caretaker's daughter"—as if she were a convention badge: Hi! I'm the Caretaker's Daughter—in a story where everyone is aware of social class and worried about it. Or there is an example in "Eveline" that I cherish—a fine story from *Dubliners* that Kenner uses, though he does not use this example. Thinking in her novelette style about the sailor she plans to run off with, Eveline imagines "Frank would take her in his arms fold her in his arms." Joyce's characters not only use their bad prose to characterize themselves, they revise their bad prose toward a perfection of self-revelation.

But I should let Kenner's words do the work. Joyce's "fictions," Kenner says, "tend not to have a detached narrator, though they seem to have. His words are in such delicate equilibrium, like the components of a sensitive piece of apparatus, that they detect the gravitational field of the nearest person." For example,

> A word he [Uncle Charles, this time] need not even utter is there like a gnat in the air beside him, for us to perceive in the same field of attention in which we note how "scrupulously" he brushes his hat. This is apparently something new in fiction, the normally neutral narrative vocabulary pervaded by a little cloud of idioms which a character might use if he were managing the narrative.

I pick quotes when I like Kenner's metaphors. Perhaps for this reason I do not represent him accurately, for one never senses that he is attempting to outperform the author he writes about, to draw attention to his own brilliance instead of his author's. We find delight in writing, in performance, in intelligence—but that delight is in service to something outside itself. We feel in Kenner a genuine affection for the loved and lived-with text—and, in some of his books, for the author of the text as well. *Joyce's Voices* sustains an intense investigation of narrative form and has no room in it for the anecdotes which illuminated *The Pound Era*. But rising from its headlong spiel is Kenner's joy in Joyce's voices. □



The Thirties and After: Poetry, Politics, People, 1930s-1970s
By Stephen Spender
Random House, 236 pp., $10

SPENDER AND AFTER

SELDEN RODMAN

Back in the late Thirties, when I was editing the radical but non-Marxist *Common Sense*, I asked Stephen Spender whether he would contribute a monthly London Letter focusing on two questions: 1) What kind of a political/economic order for Europe did Englishmen envision in the event of a British victory? and 2) Would England survive with a superior living standard if she ceased to be the center of an exploitative Empire? The poet—whose poems I had been the first to anthologize in America—had briefly been a Communist Party member and supported the Communist-backed Loyalist cause in Spain, but that fact in no way led me to doubt that I would receive from him honest reporting, sensitive evaluations, and a respect for democratic, humanist values similar to our own. Then as now, Spender could be described as a politically naïve "liberal," but no one could question his integrity and good will, or his readiness to admit his own shortcomings. What he had to say in those columns in answer to my two questions seems in retrospect to have been extraordinarily prophetic—and more interesting than the mea culpas and the literary name-dropping which clutter up too much of this badly organized book.

Not that *The Thirties and After* is without its rewards. Nothing that Spender writes is ever without a characteristic tone of humility and concern for the survival of the best in our common culture. The portraits of Auden, Eliot, Yeats, Lawrence, and Wyndham Lewis are scrupulous refutations of the facile leftist notion, prevalent at the time, that these writers were "fascist" ideologues. Auden and Eliot, whom Spender knew best, really come to life in these essays, though Spender still stands too much in awe of Auden to see how deplorably the latter's poems deteriorated once he had left his homeland. He mentions Auden's suppression of the poems influenced by Freud and Marx without saying in so many words that those were the inimitable ones.

Perhaps out of innate modesty—but perhaps because he, too, is ashamed of those same influences, which made his own early poems so poignant and impassioned—Spender says little or nothing about his own verse. This is a pity, because such poems of the Thirties as "The Express," "Oh young men oh young comrades," and "I think continually of those who were truly great" are more perfectly realized and memorable than any individual poems by Auden, and will probably survive as long as English poetry is read.

THE SPECTACLE of Spender still strickenly apologizing for the disclosure that the CIA was among the funding fathers of his magazine *Encounter* is ludicrous. The influence of the CIA on the editorial policy of Spender's magazine might well be compared to the influence on Beethoven of the militarist King of Prussia (to whom Beethoven dedicated his freedom-freighted Ninth Symphony)—in both cases nil. The analogy occurred to me because Spender is at his best not in analyzing the Nazi-Communist revolution—which he understood as little as Beethoven did the French Revolution—but in discussing Beethoven's music. What it is to be an artist is really the only thing that Spender knows, and he writes on this subject as movingly and relevantly as anyone ever has:

> Great artists and poets have almost without exception been failures in life . . . the failure to be a complete man must always be a

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humiliation. The compensations of genius are so dazzling that it is difficult to realize that Beethoven and Balzac paid so great a price, when they yet had the infinite privilege of being Beethoven and Balzac. They suffered as men, they rejoiced as creators. . . . Schiller's "Ode to Liberty" is a work which conveys little more to us today than a sense of enthusiasm for ideas which meant a great deal to Schiller but which the time between him and us has cast a doubt if not a slur upon. But in the music of the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony these ideas are fixed in a world of their own which one can enter without referring it back to the real world and the disillusion of the past hundred years. . . . The felt life in the work of art is only intense, and often painful, because it actually becomes the life of deep and terrible experience. If this were not the case, art would simply express a frictionless movement toward a vacuous perfection. But in true art there is a real conflict of things, a real breaking up and melting down of intractable material, feelings and sensations which seem incapable of expression until they have been thus transformed. A work of art doesn't say: "I am life. I offer you the opportunity of becoming me." On the contrary it says: "This is what life is like. It is even realer, less to be evaded, than you thought. But I offer you an example of acceptance and understanding. Now, go back and live!" □

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: Cormac McCarthy, a young novelist of great promise, is already attracting much attention with a new novel called *Suttree* (Random House, $9.95). The book is set in Tennessee; McCarthy is himself a denizen of Knoxville. . . . *Dubin's Lives* (Farrar, $10) is Bernard Malamud's first novel in eight years. . . . *Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives* (Farrar, $25) is a monumental biography of the great writer by Frederick R. Karl.

John Kenneth Galbraith thinks he knows how to remedy mass poverty in the underdeveloped countries, and tells you in *The Nature of Mass Poverty* (Harvard, $8.95). . . . Yet another biography on a much-chawed-on subject that remains as fresh and indestructible as a piece of magic chewing-gum: *Karl Marx: A Political Biography* (Little, Brown, $16.95) by Fritz J. Raddatz. . . . *Adventures of a Bystander* (Harper, $12.95) is a volume of memoirs by Peter F. Drucker, the corporate expert. . . . General Sir John Hackett's *The Third World War: August 1985* (Macmillan, $9.95) describes the makings of World War III. Sir John is a former NATO commander, and his book has produced quite a stir in Great Britain.

■ SOME MARCH TITLES: *The Habit of Being: Letters of Flannery O'Connor* (Farrar, $15), edited by Miss O'Connor's close friend Sally Fitzgerald, is a moving, fascinating, and delightful volume. Although these are by no means the complete letters—Mrs. Fitzgerald does not attempt to hide the fact that many letters and details have been withheld in the interests of privacy and propriety—they are most useful to a better appreciation of one of the geniuses of recent American letters. . . . Doris Grumbach, the well-known critic and former literary editor of *The New Republic*, has written a novel called *Chamber Music* (Dutton, $8.95), about barren marriage and Sapphic love. Miss Grumbach is a fine writer.

Short Stories: Five Decades
By Irwin Shaw
Delacorte, 756 pp., $14.95

IN OUR TIME

HERBERT RUHM

I first encountered the short stories of Irwin Shaw in the pony editions of *The New Yorker* which that magazine put out during World War II for servicemen overseas. These editions were about two-thirds the size of the magazine as we know it, printed on special, lighter paper, and they consisted mainly of the magazine's literary matter. Of all the short stories or brief sketches written in those days, including Thurber's and John O'Hara's, I remember Irwin Shaw's stories best. They remained the most meaningful even for some years after the war, when I read them in the full-scale edition of *The New Yorker*; and, while I began to encounter Shaw's stories in other magazines, *Esquire* for example, they did not have the impact of those I had read during the war years. After reading *The Young Lions* and, some years later, a story called "Tip on a Dead Jockey," I stopped reading Shaw, until recently I looked into the novel *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

These stories I've now reread, and some I've read for the first time, in this hefty collection. *Rich Man, Poor Man* is trashy, but the stories, including the most recent ones, have consistently remained on a high level of craftsmanship; and the last one in the book, "Circle of Light," is in some ways Shaw's most serious story.

Shaw during World War II spoke for us even as Mauldin did. If Mauldin caught exactly the gripes of the average GI, Shaw caught the concerns of the more literate, urban soldier. His finger was on the pulse of what we were feeling, of what politically concerned us, or would concern us if we but knew it. If Mauldin was superbly in the foxhole, in the mud and grime, Shaw, early and late, was attuned to what went on at large—the Depression, the invasion of Poland, World War II, Belsen, Palestine, and so on through Vietnam and the violent New Left. Shaw's subject has continued to be the many disasters of the age, sometimes centrally, as in "Act of Faith" or "The Passion of Lance Corporal Hawkins," sometimes tangentially, as in "Small Saturday." And even while Shaw's most famous stories (in the sense that one finds them in anthologies), "The Eighty-Yard Run" and "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses," are private—do not in any way refer to these disasters—there is nevertheless at the very end of this collection the story I've already referred to. In the harsh "Circle of Light," concerning that mankind which has so constantly brought these events about, he sums up finally and in nonpolitical terms the reactions of a man who for five decades has been witness to and has dramatized these disasters.

This story would not have the impact it has, were it not at the end of the collection, just as, at the end of that other, much more unified collection, *In Our Time*, the reactions of the hero to the disasters of his time are summed up not by mentioning them, but by making them somehow felt in the background, in "Big Two-Hearted River." And this homage or discipleship or competitiveness—Shaw's stories, for the most part, are stories about "in our time"—becomes overt in Shaw's introduction to this collection, which imitates Hemingway's introduction to *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories*, the gathering of *his* stories.

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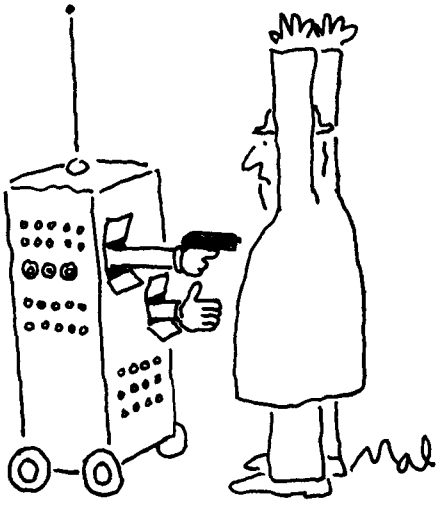
In *Rich Man, Poor Man*, the very literate Shaw has turned to yet another master, the Dos Passos of *U.S.A.*, whom he has brought up to date and best-sellerized, with a bow—in the depiction of the only life that is completed in the book (the others go on to *Beggarman, Thief*), namely the life of Tom—to an episode in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. That combination of catering to the popular taste and dramatizing the events of the age in superbly crafted stories, that tension in Shaw's talent between surrender and aspiration, also becomes evident in the title to this collection, which begs for comparison with the collection by yet another master, the *Stories of Three Decades* by Thomas Mann.

WHAT THEN of Shaw as a whole—of these superb short stories and the either trashy or faking best-sellers? If Sarah Orne Jewett belongs to our literature, then so eventually will Shaw. If he will not occupy a place like Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, that is because of his novels and his even weaker plays. He may very well end up as the Hamlin Garland of his generation, though his autobiography (Garland's claim to fame rests on it and on his short stories) is yet to come. Shaw, that is, in these stories must be reckoned with, in however limited a manner, and I know of no other Hollywood scriptwriter, Broadway playwright, and best-selling novelist of whom one can say as much. Shaw may be that unusual instance of a writer who has succeeded in having his cake and eating it, too. A rare instance, indeed. □



FILM

LAME DEER

JOHN SIMON

Already on its way to becoming the most controversial movie of both 1978 (when it was shown for a week to qualify for the Oscars) and 1979 (when it is going to play the major cities across the country as a road-show attraction) is *The Deer Hunter*, a three-hour film that Universal considered a white elephant and almost didn't release. The movie has garnered many glowing write-ups, as well as the New York Film Critics' prize and other awards, and will doubtless gain further official accolades; it is also incurring the wrath of journalists and other people with Vietnam experience—mostly "doves" who feel that it falsifies the Vietnam War and our involvement in it.

Why shouldn't the director, Michael Cimino—possessor of a Yale MFA, protégé of Clint Eastwood, and writer-director of the latter's *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* by way of main previous experience—falsify the war, considering that he falsifies just about everything he touches? This is the story of three Russian-American steelworkers from Clairton, Pa., an imaginary town that is unimaginable on any level. Though quite small, it boasts a gigantic Russian Orthodox church; though conventional in every way, it permits Michael and Nick, two of the three principals, to share a mobile home rather than live with their families until they themselves take wives, as Steven, the third musketeer, appropriately does. The heroine, Linda, when her drunken father slaps her around once too often, moves into that mobile home, one or both of whose owners she is apparently in love with.

All highly unlikely in a tight, provincial ethnic milieu. Moreover, there are hardly any families in evidence. Steven has a shrewish mother who figures noticeably enough (too noticeably, in fact, considering how badly Shirley Stoler plays her); but Linda's alcoholic father quickly vanishes, and the principals are left with no appendages other than a gaggle of giggly blondes, meant mostly to fill out the wide screen with their bodies and guffaws. Steven is about to marry an older woman who is pregnant by another man—again an unusual circumstance that the filmmakers don't ever bother to explain. The screenplay is by Deric Washburn (a failed Harvard playwright), from a story by Cimino, Washburn, Louis Garfinkle, and Quinn K. Redeker—quite a few cooks for one broth.

The Deer Hunter begins with a farewell drinking session following our threesome's last day at the steel mill: they have enlisted and are off to join the 101st Airborne Division. (Why so late in the game? Why weren't they drafted?) The next major scene is Steven's Russian Orthodox wedding; the third is an interminable wedding-*cum*-sendoff party at the Legion Hall. This derives clearly from the ball in Visconti's *The Leopard*, but does not justify its inordinate length by the schematic representation of our heroes and their gang as stereotypical boozers, brawlers, and pranksters. (One Green Beret who inexplicably wanders into the proceedings and answers our boys' questions with concise obscenities is a steal from *Baby Blue Marine*; he is just about the only sign of war in the film's early sequences, even though the year must be 1972.) And despite Meryl Streep's strong presence in the role of Linda, women hardly exist in this movie, and matter even less; the concern is with men: their friendship, ritual camaraderie, love, and perhaps something more—although Cimino has vehemently denied any homosexual implications.

NEXT MORNING, the gang goes hunting in the mountains; whereas the others exhibit varying degrees of indifference or incompetence, Michael hunts with ritual dedication and brings down an abundantly antlered stag cleanly, with a single bullet. Meanwhile, an invisible choir sings Russian hymns and the snow-capped peaks glisten in crystalline approbation. Later, the guys wax sentimental when one of them, fat Welsh, the bar owner, plays Chopin on the piano—fat chance! Thereupon, with a quick cut, we are in the Vietnam inferno.

Here everything proceeds with ruthless speed and disorienting confusion. But this is not the confusion of an individual caught up in the war; rather, it is a confusion the filmmakers wish to implant in the viewers' minds, probably because it is also in their own. It is not clear who is killing whom and why,

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though it does appear that the Americans are less vicious than the Vietcong or North Vietnamese, or whoever they are. Forthwith, our three friends are reunited as captives of a bunch of monstrous yellow enemies. The next sequences are staged, acted, shot, and edited with the utmost forcefulness; the only trouble is that they make no sense whatsoever.

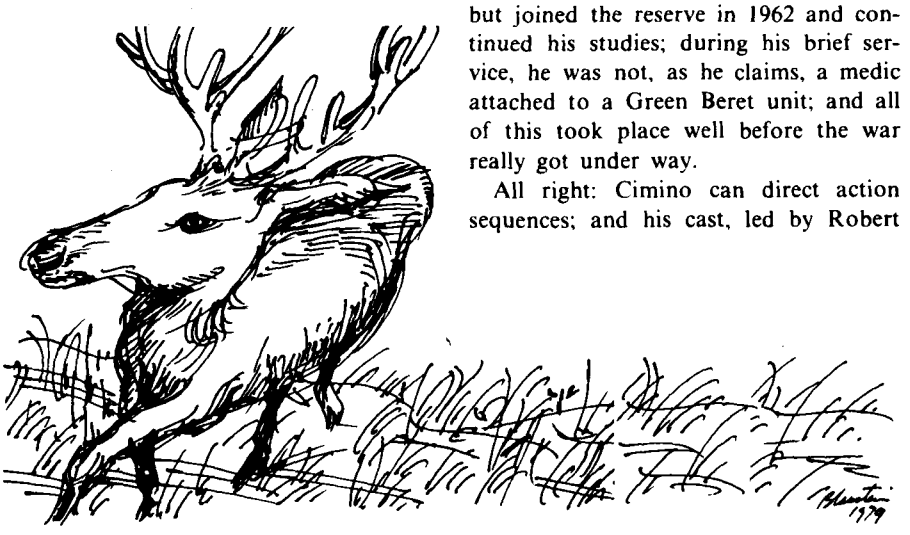
We are asked to believe that the VC or North Vietnamese would set up their torture camp in a fully exposed site on a river bank policed by American helicopters; that they would torture the prisoners by, among other things, forcing them to play Russian roulette while heavy bets are placed on which player will survive. We are to swallow the assumptions that the captors are stupid enough to have no guards surrounding the shack where the game is played; that they would idiotically fall for Michael's scheme and allow a pistol to be loaded with three bullets instead of one; and that, even so, this would prove enough for the tortured and weakened Michael and Nick to kill off all their tormentors, despite the submachine guns trained on them. I am afraid that the preposterousness of all this outweighs its technical brilliance.

FROM HERE on, this supposedly realistic film goes completely berserk: not a shred of historical, logical, chronological, or psychological credibility remains. I can concentrate only on the major absurdities. After they escape—mainly through Michael's resourcefulness, courage, and strength—our buddies are separated. Nick becomes psychically unbalanced and goes AWOL. He soon turns performer in a Russian-roulette casino; we are to understand that the game has become a sport in Saigon, involving large sums for participants and bettors, and that the bodies of losers pile up outside the casinos like torn-up betting tickets at our racetracks. It is in such a casino that Michael and Nick meet up again (after what they've been through, they are as likely to hang out there as to let a favorite sister marry a North Vietnamese), but Nick, unaccountably, runs away from Michael.

Later, Michael goes home, reluctantly becomes Linda's lover, and restores Steven to his unhappy wife and child. Steven, an unreconstructed double amputee, has been lingering in a VA hospital where Nick sends him lavish checks from Saigon. (How does the by-now-amnesiac Nick manage to do that? How does Steven cash these checks without anyone's noticing?) It is only now that Michael realizes that Nick is alive (why not before?); he rushes back to Vietnam just as Saigon is falling (how does he even manage to get back in?). After ludicrous coincidences and incredible maneuvers, he tracks down Nick at a Russian-roulette casino that has moved somewhere upstream, in which South Vietnamese war profiteers, who in reality would now be running for their lives, calmly continue their gambling.

THE AMNESIAC Nick has now become the champion Russian-roulette player; he has broken the bank in Saigon—not to mention the law of probability—and after months of playing he is still around to cash in. Michael, whom he does not recognize, in desperation challenges him to a game; only after he has started the cylinder rolling does Nick find his brain clearing—merely to have it promptly blown out by a bullet. As so many times before, we watch blood and brains explode from a temple; remarkably unsplattered, a weeping Michael rocks his true love in his arms, even though only a moron would so shake a dying man.

But never mind the preposterousness of this scene; consider rather the ridiculousness of Russian roulette as the master image for war. There is, of course, no evidence of the game's thriving either as a form of torture or as a spectator sport in Vietnam. It is something that could have been invented only by a jaded Western civilization; it is antithetical to Oriental history, culture, and *Weltanschauung*. Worse yet, it does not function artistically as a metaphor for war: soldiers may survive through sheer luck, but they do not keep gambling voluntarily with their lives. Worst of all, it contradicts Cimino's governing concept of the survival of the fittest: for it is the staunch, self-sacrificing, self-disciplined Michael (his very name, as Pauline Kael notes, makes him the director's alter ego) who emerges unscathed —indeed ennobled, for he no longer kills defenseless deer. His less brave buddies pay with their limbs or lives.



For all its pretensions to something newer and better, this film is only an extension of the old Hollywood war-movie lie. The enemy is still bestial and stupid, and no match for our purity and heroism; only we no longer wipe up the floor with him—rather, we litter it with his guts. The average moviegoer gets no antiwar message from *The Deer Hunter*; he simply identifies himself with Michael—the best—and envisions himself as survivor and hero of the next war to come along. By way of crowning lie, the film ends with the survivors, after Nick's nice, homey funeral, singing "God Bless America"—not exultantly, to be sure, but without a trace of doubt or irony.

It is no wonder that Michael Cimino has made so mendacious a film, since he himself is a liar. As Letitia Kent, who interviewed him for the *Times*, discovered (but, alas, only after the interview), he is not 35 but 39; his MFA from Yale is not in architecture but in the less prestigious field of graphics (hence, no doubt, all those graphically shown horrors); he did not enlist in 1968 in patriotic fervor elicited by the Tet offensive but joined the reserve in 1962 and continued his studies; during his brief service, he was not, as he claims, a medic attached to a Green Beret unit; and all of this took place well before the war really got under way.

All right: Cimino can direct action sequences; and his cast, led by Robert

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De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale, performs expertly before Vilmos Zsigmond's sensitive camera. But is this reason enough for the film to rake in raves, amass awards, and ask the public, when they send in for their expensive, reserved seats, to specify three alternative dates? A more reasonable alternative would be to stay away altogether from this dear *Deer Hunter*, the kind of movie dreamed up by kids in a college snack-bar over beer and hamburgers. □

TELEVISION

PUBLIC FIGURES

M. J. SOBRAN

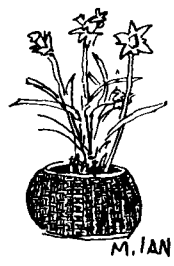
And how does the world look as it comes through the Tube? A few recent glimpses:

FRESHLY FIRED, Bella Abzug quickly surfaced on ABC's *Issues and Answers* to denounce this latest affront to women everywhere. The two interviewers, politely skeptical, were not needed; Bella had brought her own questions along, and treated theirs as impertinences. What can we do for women? We can cut the defense budget. And why, the interviewers managed to ask, is that a *women's* concern? Because "women are affected by it." A feeble answer (it applies equally to midgets)—sensing which, Bella attacked the question as implying that women should speak out only on abortion and Tupperware. Some people answer a question with a question. She answers it with an accusation. And insists that she was nice as pie in the meeting with the President. All viewers who believe that, raise your hands.

Gall. Appointed not elected, cashiered by her appointer, she talks as if he has flouted the manifest will of all persons of her chromosomal make-up. Well, didn't Mr. Carter bring this on himself, when he named a coarse termagant to speak for your wife and mine? At least one man (besides Mr. Abzug) deserves her. But, for the rest, Mrs. Abzug has lost three straight elections, running only in those very few areas that could conceivably stomach her. No known gender has craved her services as representative. Yet, thanks to the Presidency and the media, she remains a resilient, though unlocalizable, Spokesperson.

ON CBS's *Face the Nation*, meanwhile, Ayatollah Khomeini assured three reporters (sitting cross-legged on the floor before him) that his imminent regime would be enlightened and progressive, beneficent to women, tolerant of infidels; all this in keeping with Islamic teaching and tradition. But what about his writings, asked George Herman, in which he appears to be anti-Jewish? Khomeini said that he could say nothing unless he had the alleged texts before him. Herman, alas, hadn't brought them. But what about Israel? Would he deploy the Iranian army against her? Israel, Khomeini replied, had no right to exist, and he would at once break off all diplomatic relations with her. But the question of actually going to war would require some "study."

BILLY CARTER proved more of a hot potato than the J. Carter Administration could cope with. The President told NBC's John Chancellor that he could not intervene, lest Billy "re-exert his independence." Thus the Administration approaches most problems: if we do anything about them, they'll only worsen. Which is especially true of this Administration. It prodded the Justice Department into a little bluster, sending out over the airwaves the message that it was contemplating an inquiry. This only made Billy madder. The President's inability to normalize relations with his next of kin, like Gerald Ford's habit of bumping his head in front of newsmen, soon acquires a resonance beyond the warrant of the bare facts. Patrick Buchanan is reminded of Dogpatch. A President who can't cope with a gas station manager is a President who, alone in a room with Leonid Brezhnev, would be hopelessly outnumbered. No doubt television turns public affairs into caricature, and caricature is unfair. But it's also realistic as literal-minded objectivity is not.



China: A Class by Itself, on NBC, is another of those documentaries whose technique is to make breathless extrapolations based on multiples of 800 million. With all those people, the reasoning runs, China should become a superpower any moment now. She is modernizing: lots of film-clips, edited with giddy rapidity, of welders and assembly lines and classrooms with equations on the blackboards. The narrator cited the "achievements" of the Cultural Revolution, such as the spread of literacy.

Literacy to what end? To enable the people to decode whatever they may be permitted—and directed—to read. Is that meager blessing expected to generate fantastic synergies? The enrollment of Peking University is smaller than that of most Big Ten schools: the authorities are pushing it up to twenty thousand. Whatever learning this produces will be funneled, no doubt, into military power.

But *China*, to its credit, was not mere flackery. It described the remarkable brutality of the Cultural Revolution, which has left empty school buildings pock-marked with machine-gun fire. The trouble here is that the viewer gets no sense at all of how China *works*. Why don't people draw any lessons from the perduring backwardness of India (pop. 400 million)? The main "achievement" of Communism in China has been the stultification of 800 million minds.

THE KU KLUX KLAN has caught on to public relations, and its current Grand Imperial Whatever (I can never remember whether dragons outrank wizards) is a young man named David Duke, whose mod looks and city-slicker speech are bringing the word north and west to racially troubled blue-collar areas. Another venture in right-thinking alarmism is the PBS documentary on this, *New Klan: Heritage of Hate*, wherein, in contrast to *California Reich*, the intended bad guys do come off bad. Duke in particular is nailed by an interviewer who confronts him with data and documents fatal to his insistence that the Klan doesn't preach hate. Burning a cross is still about as vividly hateful a form of expression as can be conceived, though I suppose the First Amendment protects it.

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A good study as far as it goes, but why the obsessive interest in the Danger on the Right? The Klan is increasingly isolated even in the South. The answer, of course, lies in what James Burnham calls the Iron Law of Liberalism: "The preferred enemy is always to the Right." The class that rides herd on public opinion keeps watching for signs of a fascist menace, and never fails to find them: McCarthyism, the Birchers, the Minutemen, Goldwater, George Wallace, the military-industrial complex, the FBI, the CIA, and of course that great close shave of our time, Watergate.

And the Red Menace? Ah—it's still taboo to talk like that, even as the globe reddens with Soviet power. Liberal hysteria over McCarthy is now institutionalized, imposing Victorian delicacy on any allusion to the major geopolitical reality of our time. And Mr. Vance babbles about the "common aspirations" we share with Mr. Brezhnev. I await a documentary on the subject. □

DELECTATIONS

OIL!

NIKA HAZELTON

People keep asking me, "Which is the best olive oil, and why is olive oil so expensive?" The following observations are based upon a study of olive oil I made last fall in Italy—Italian olive oil is considered the finest; it is also the oil most widely imported into this country, which does not produce olive oil in commercial quantities.

Choosing olive oil is largely a matter of taste; some oils are lighter in color and taste, others are darker and fruitier. The oils of Tuscany, Liguria, and Umbria are Italy's finest light oils, with a delicate flavor. The southern Italian oils —from Calabria and Sicily—are heavy, and their flavor is strong. The quality and price of the oil is graded according to its acid content—the lower the level of oleic acid, the finer the oil. (All this is according to the Italian olive oil laws of 1960.)

Any oil labeled *Olio extra vergine di oliva* is the purest of oils, but the flavor can be light or heavy depending on its place of origin. This oil comes from the first pressing, and little of it is imported into the United States. I have found only one brand of virgin Tuscan olive oil, Olivieri; it is golden with a greenish hue (a sign of purity), brilliant, and with a fine flavor. It costs about $12 a liter bottle. For those who like a very pronounced flavor, I have found one from Castelvetrano in Sicily (sold at Manganaro's Italian grocery on New York's Ninth Avenue); it is darkish, stronger, and more aromatic. I prefer the Olivieri, but some of my friends prefer the Sicilian oil.

After the first pressing, which produces virgin olive oil, the olives are pressed over and over again, to the last drop of oil. These later pressings, depending on how late they are made, have to be treated chemically to be edible, by means of machinery that is large, complex, and costly. The law classifies all these oils and also regulates the blending of them with virgin oils. (The blending is necessary because the refined oils are almost or totally neutral in taste; even the people who like very bland olive oil want a little taste of the fruit.)

Practically all the oil consumed in Italy or imported into the U.S. is the grade known as *Olio di oliva* (simply "olive oil"). I am thinking of the Bertolli and Berio olive oils, the best known and most widely distributed of the imports. They are geared to the American preference for a golden, almost flavorless oil; the northern Italians have the same taste, but in Tuscany people like a greenish, fragrant oil. Blended oils are nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, a good blend of the "olive oil" category (the classification is written on the label or can) is vastly preferable to a rough virgin oil. Like grapes, olives come in many varieties with different flavors; and, besides, the way they are cultivated and picked affects their flavor to a surprising degree.

The best oil comes from hand-picked olives, as in Tuscany, Liguria, and Umbria, where the majority of the trees are pruned to a size that makes it possible to pick the fruit from ladders. I have done it, with a sack tied round my waist, picking with both hands. When the trees are as gigantic as they are in Calabria and Sicily, the olives are either beaten down with sticks or allowed to fall on their own when they are ripe. In either case, they will be bruised and will pick up debris—twigs, pebbles, and the like. The bruising affects the flavor of the oil, and dirty olives must be washed lest the oil suffer.

However, to quote an expert, Mr. Manni from the Rome office of FAO (the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations): "Really fine olive oil can be produced provided the olive as it comes from the tree is sound and correctly treated. Fine oil is not the result of using modern equipment, old-fashioned conventional equipment being just as capable of ensuring high quality." This is why the old-fashioned mills, with their huge granite crushing stones, larger than a millstone, still make the best oil. Made this way, the oil does not heat up in the process, as it does when metal machinery is used.

Something to check when one is buying imported olive oil, regardless of where it comes from, is where it was packaged—whether it was put up in the country of origin or imported in bulk and packed here. Duties are much higher on packaged oils, as they are levied on containers as well, so importers pay

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less for bulk oils. However, one should avoid American-packed Italian olive oil, since U.S. standards for the product are entirely voluntary and the importer who submits to them has to pay for the privilege. Some of the less expensive olive oils are bulk oils packed in America—it says so on the can, but not very prominently.

Another thing I'm often asked is, "How Italian is Italian olive oil?" Italy does not produce enough oil for her own needs (a scarcity of labor, high wages, and trouble with unions make it very expensive to grow olives), so she has to import about a fourth of what she needs. The amount, however, fluctuates, since the trees don't produce the same quantities yearly, and also because of high duties and problems of availability. The oil Italy imports comes largely from Spain, Greece, and Tunisia. Most of it is virgin oil, as these countries don't have sufficient processing facilities; some of it is excellent and some inferior. Italy then carries out any necessary processing in its enormous refineries, but, refined or not, these imported oils find their way into the common pool to be blended with Italian oils and marketed as Italian. Italian law does not require the country of origin to be specified in the final product; all it requires is that the oil be of the legal level of acidity. It is impossible to determine the origin of the oil by chemical analysis; all an analysis can do is determine whether the oil is pure or adulterated.

THUS, Italian olive oil is expensive because it is expensive to produce the olives. As for its keeping qualities, producers hedge the question. In my experience, pure, unrefined olive oil is at its best for a year; blended oils will keep as long and longer. To keep olive oil, store it at a cool room temperature and, if it's in a bottle, away from the light. During very hot weather, refrigerate the oil. It might become cloudy but it will be clear when returned to room temperature, and it will keep its flavor. Another tip: you can make your own blend by combining a bland oil like Bertolli or Berio with a stronger-flavored oil. And though the Italian producers are not going to thank me for this remark, the extra virgin olive oil imported from Provence is excellent and much less expensive.]

The GIMLET EAR

MY MOTHER DOESN'T GO TO HAITI

D. KEITH MANO

"Hello?"

"It's me."

"Mother. How was the cruise?"

"Don't ask."

"I won't."

"You don't care to know how your mother suffered?"

"I'll ask."

"At least the *Titanic* had decency enough to sink itself. Hours we stood in San Juan waiting to get on board. I've seen pictures of Ellis Island in 1905: same set-up, but not 97 degrees all the time. Then we couldn't find the right cabin. The travel agent warned me—he should sink, too—Cunard never presses down hard enough on a ballpoint pen. No one could read the stateroom number on the carbon copy. But that's the British: so veddy genteel they wouldn't push on a ballpoint pen too hard.

"Deluxe this was. Two beds, each with an iron rail six inches high around: like we were in intensive care. You know my condition, I have to get up three, four times a night—what was I going to do, pole-vault out in pitch blackness? So I call the steward and he asks, 'Are you in an upper bunk?' That's deluxe. With undeluxe you also have to vault six feet to the floor. Not one place to sit: it was either on the intensive care rail or on the toilet. Worse, the air conditioning was so glacial, if you died, your body would keep until the boat got back to Puerto Rico. No adjustment knob except, just where it was handiest, in the middle of the ceiling. Your poor sister had to make a staircase out of the bureau drawers and climb up to move it from COMFORT—COMFORT for a popsicle—to OFF. Which should have read DEATH, because in five minutes the room was a floating can of Sterno."

"Was Caracas nice at least?"

"How should I know? The boat was too weak to get there: only three propellers propelled or something. So they threw in an extra island. Why not? You can't tell them apart anyway. For my money—which was considerable—we could've been landing on the same island all week. Pay $25 and they wedge you into the same excursion bus, with the same seats for someone without a coccyx bone. You drive through the same fruit grove, up a mountain—and what do they show you? Your own miserable, underpropelled boat down below. At least I thought I'd get an authentic fruit drink. A dollar fifty I shelled out, to watch a man open a gallon can of Bluebird orange juice."

"But Barbados—?"

"Like Coney Island with bananas. In 1968 it was nice—a beautiful beach. Now they've extended the hotel out so far there's eight inches of sand left. I put down my blanket, took off my shoes, and—whoosh—a big wave came in and filled my pocketbook with seaweed. Everything wet: soaked me like my travel agent did."

"Uh. The food?"

"Lots of it, mostly dinosaur meat. Sixteen courses—racecourses, if you're in the first sitting. The waiter has to shove you out quick before the next bunch comes. It's like a 78 rpm revolving smorgasbord. And rough: who says the Caribbean is serene? First night I feel like I'm walking on Saturn, lead orthopedic shoes. The waiter says we're going upstream. Two nights later I'm on the moon, bouncing. We're headed downstream, he says. Nobody tells you beforehand there's this crazy escalator in the middle of the Caribbean."

"So where are you now? At the Sans Souci in Miami?"

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"Ha. My travel agent: he couldn't book you from Times Square to Grand Central. I debark in San Juan, lugging my own luggage—after my recent operation, my more recent fractured hand, and my present terrible headcold from too much COMFORT—Cunard wouldn't distress a ballpoint pen, but a crippled woman is a burro to them—in San Juan and no plane to Miami. At last Eastern decides we can hop a flight that'll make just one stop—in Haiti. So we stand on line for two hours behind ten dozen Haitians with great baskets of fruit and produce, every pineapple of which has to be examined in case it's a hand grenade. Finally we get to the counter and—ho—it seems that if your sister has no birth certificate she can land in Haiti, but she can never leave again. Marjorie, I say, you are not going to look good with a basket of mangos on your head from here to eternity. I panicked. Eastern panicked. 'Run!' they yell. 'Go stop your luggage!' And there I am, racing out on the runway, under airplanes, looking through six thousand suitcases and crates of papaya. No luggage."

"You mean—?"

"Don't interrupt, it gets worse. By luck I crawl to Miami flying standby. Three hours later the banana plane from Haiti arrives: nothing. My headstrong luggage is on vacation by itself in Port-au-Prince. Enough: I take a cab to the Sans Souci. You know why the Sans Souci is called the Sans Souci? Because it is C-L-O-S-E-D. Maybe in chapter 11 even. I've been booked into a defunct hotel. It's me that has the *souci*.

"So I try the Eden Roc, which fortunately is about as busy as Pompeii in 80 A.D. They lodge me in the garret, where the roc used to nest when Miami was still fashionable. But how am I going to impress Eastern? Aha. I call and I tell the woman, 'Look—I had my hair in that suitcase.' After the seventh time, I hear a man say in the background, 'It's the bald woman calling again.' But it worked. After 48 hours my bags arrived and now I really have trouble."

"Why?"

"My clothes, I realize, are nothing to write to Haiti about. And they've been sat on by Port-au-Princeans for two days. How can I go anyplace? The people in the Eden Roc—all five of them—they'll say, '*That's* what she's been screaming about?' So right now I'm going down the back stairs to buy a complete new wardrobe. A fortune it'll cost. What does Eastern Airlines care about my pride?"

"Well—"

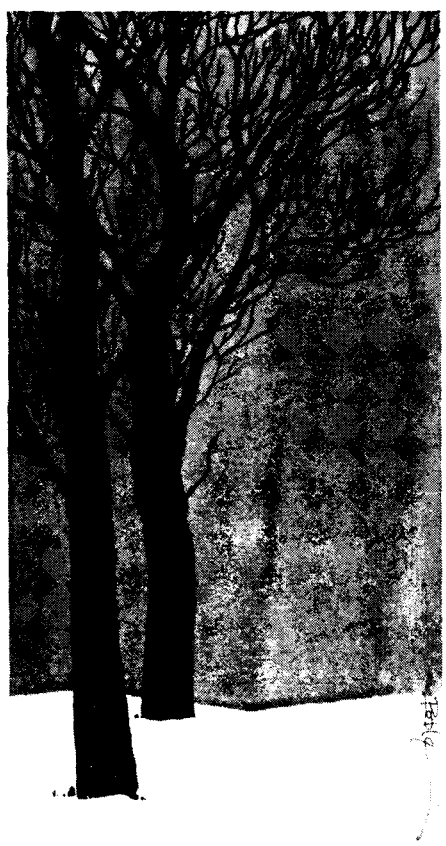
"How are things in New York?"

"Don't ask."

"I wasn't going to. Goodbye." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GUNS OF LATTIMER, *by Michael Novak (Basic Books, 276 pp., $10.95).* Bruce Catton observed that there is a mean streak running just under the surface of the American character. Michael Novak is no historian, but his impressive narration of the Lattimer Massacre bears eloquent witness to Catton's assertion. For, on September 10, 1897, in the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania, a procession of workers peacefully marching to express their unwillingness to accept the company's terms were gunned down for no other apparent reason than that they had annoyed the authorities. That the striking miners were Poles, Slovaks, and Hungarians is a partial explanation. The spectacle of these foreigners claiming civil rights and clutching an American flag was evidently too much for the sheriffs and their deputies to bear. When the smoke cleared, 19 of the marchers lay dead; 36 were seriously wounded.



Never mind that they were unarmed and that most of them were wounded in the back as they ran for cover under the fusillade, which lasted several minutes. The lawmen were certain they were on the side of the angels. So were the authorities who whitewashed the killings: in the subsequent prosecution the lawmen were quickly and completely exonerated, and the incident was virtually forgotten. Novak, the preeminent spokesman for white ethnics, seems to enjoy an occasional dig at WASP America. Nonetheless; in this case, he has written a compelling account which forces a re-examination of this shameful event and the pitiful rationalizations which allowed it to recede from our national consciousness. ALAN L. MILLER

BLACK VIOLENCE, *by James W. Button (Princeton, 248 pp., $16).* The riots of the 1960s added a sinister dimension to the phrase "long hot summer," and Professor Button's study seeks to discern the political impact of these events. Armed with the jargon of his trade, the social scientist speaks in tongues of macro/micro levels, longitudinal dimensions, and curvilinear expenditures. Charts and graphs abound, validating the scholarliness of his endeavor. (Fortunately the territory was preempted most delightfully nine years ago by Tom Wolfe in *Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak-Catchers.*) After suggesting that the Federal Government has catered to the demands of the yahoos who torched Watts, Newark, Detroit, et al. by giving them massive amounts of money, the author grows maudlin. He laments the passing of the Great Society and the humane Attorney General who benevolently presided over the salad days of minority assertiveness. Button is sorry that LBJ and Ramsey Clark gave way to Nixon and Mitchell, which proponents of repression and backlash, by the simple expedient of law and order, set back the cause of domestic upheaval by at least a decade. The author assures you that violence remains a viable political technique to counter "the myth of peaceful progress." He even fashions a five-point delivery system (calculated chaos) to remedy the miscues of the Sixties. LEON SPENCER

IF EVER YOU GO TO DUBLIN TOWN, *by William Hemp (Devin-Adair, 55 pp., $8.95).* In the introduction to this little volume, which is graced by the author's magnificently executed line drawings, Mr. Hemp suggests that it was not intended to be a guidebook. And indeed it is not one, in the usual sense of that term. Rather, it "focuses on 26 nooks and crannies of vintage Dublin that have retained their down-to-earth character and Old World enchantment." These artist's impressions of the town's treasures, "some famous, some obscure," range from St. Audoen's Arch

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

TELEVISION NEWS, as is well known, possesses the defects of its virtues: complementing its gifts of speed, immediacy, and dramatic impact are an insistent stress on movement, visual appeal, exaggerated brevity. The net effect, says media critic Edwin Diamond in *Good News, Bad News* (MIT Press, $12.50), is to reduce the practice of TV journalism, all too often, to the level of ephemera.

In the political context, Diamond adds, these unfortunate qualities interfuse malignly with the desire of candidates and their advertising agents to project amorphous images, appealing to the maximum possible number of people, rather than taking a specific stand on issues. Diamond traces the workings of those factors in the election of 1976, suggesting the coverage of that campaign failed to come up with much by way of substance because it was so enmeshed in personality studies and sidebars. These tendencies, he argues, are lapping over from the electronic media into print.

The hopeful part of Diamond's message is that it doesn't have to be this way. He points out that programs which attempt to treat the news in depth often command substantial audiences in local markets, and that TV viewers are more discriminating in handling media hype than is commonly supposed. When TV moguls permit it to happen, the message can be the message. An encouraging idea, though Diamond's bland ascription of problems of this sort to nothing deeper than the technical foibles of the business tends to deaden his analysis.

Going more directly to the guts of the matter is *The View from Sunset Boulevard* (Basic Books, $8.95), by Ben Stein. This is an ingenious survey, not of TV news shows, but of the comedy/drama/action programs which are the staples of prime-time format. Stein, a former consultant to TV producer Norman Lear, became intrigued with certain patterns he thought he saw in television entertainment, and took to prowling the corridors of TV power to find out where these patterns came from.

Stein's major observation, documented at some length in his researches, is that certain people and certain institutions are almost always depicted on TV in the same derogatory fashion. In the world conveyed to us by television, businessmen are almost always bad—especially if they are big businessmen. Quite often they are guilty of the most heinous crimes, including murder, kidnapping, and trafficking in drugs. Poor people, on the other hand, are almost never guilty of such crimes—unless they are inveigled into them by businessmen.

The military doesn't fare much better, usually coming over as pompous bureaucrats at best, secret plotters of a fascist coup at worst. Police officials at the highest level are seen in similar negative vein. (Sheriffs, in particular, are nearly always villains.) On the other hand, so-called "street cops" and offbeat detectives are generally heroes, fighting not only criminals but the incompetence and venality of the higher-ups.

THE SOURCE of all these stereotypes, on Stein's analysis, is not especially far to seek: such ideas are held with remarkable consistency by the roughly two hundred men and women who write, direct, and produce most of the comedy/drama/action shows on television. Stein proves the point through extensive interviews with and quotations from leading writers and producers, who constantly parrot the most outlandish notions about the nature of our political/economic system.

What comes out of your TV set, in other words, is the result not merely of certain technical and institutional imperatives, but of a specific ideology—a mish-mash of liberal clichés created by a relatively tiny clique of writers and producers. Stein's entertaining documentation of this point is a welcome addition to the growing literature of analysis concerning the bias of the national media. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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and Christ Church Cathedral to the Gaiety Theatre and the Moore Street Market. On the page opposite each drawing is the artist-author's delightfully written impression of the scene depicted. All in all, this is a formula far better suited to capturing the essence of a city than is that of any dry-as-dust guidebook. And, it should be added, Mr. Hemp, a superb artist, could hardly have selected a more charming assortment of subjects to illustrate his theme. Indeed, one now looks forward eagerly to the similar volumes he plans to do on a number of American cities.

MICHAEL CONNORS

GREAT GRANNY WEBSTER, *by Caroline Blackwood (Scribner's, 135 pp., $7.95. Great Granny Webster* is a slim volume both physically and intellectually. If Caroline Blackwood was attempting to write a British upper-class *Roots*, she started at a disadvantage. Her family's history is not very dramatic. All her characters are stereotypes. Great Granny is the stiff, joyless Victorian, inhibited and dull; loony grandmother Dunmartin is a fire-setting Mrs. Rochester; and Aunt Lavinia is Auntie Mame. How these women got along with each other is anybody's guess. Even the locales are terribly familiar. Rundown, inefficient Dunmartin looks like a slapstick backdrop for *Tom Jones*. While its bouncy style makes this novel a pleasant, quick read, time spent on it seems frivolously wasted. It has no psychological insights, and if it has anything to say about this (or any other) society, the message is well hidden. Miss Blackwood, we're told, is the widow of Robert Lowell. Thus far, that is her primary claim to fame.

CAROLE CLEAVER

THE EYE OF THE STORY: *Selected Essays and Reviews, by Eudora Welty (Random House, 355 pp., $10).* The purpose of fiction, for Willa Cather, was to strike a bell for the solitary human spirit, its will and its struggle to survive; for D. H. Lawrence, fiction was a protest against the world. Katherine Anne Porter's work turned inward to confront the "mysterious dark"; while Chekhov, with careful attention to human scale, depicted life as both terrible and marvelous, for what is real is also perishable. But every writer, no matter what his themes or methods, uses fiction to the same end—to disclose some human truth. Eudora Welty, in this collection, explores the heart of fiction through an examination of these and other writers, as well as of her own works. In good fiction, her essays point out, there must be despair, but it must be "open to negotiation by the light of day." There must be rebellion and confrontation. There must be beauty, and outrage. Above all, there must be passion. Miss Welty deals with the technical side of fiction here, as well as the moral. Time always plays a big part: for some writers, time is the ultimate betrayer, while for others it "runs unmarked to the vanishing point." Time, she says, is the bringer-on of action, the instrument of change. Time moves, place is passive: but place is necessary to animate a story "in a kind of recognizable glory." The shape of the story imposes order, while style—which should be unobtrusive—absorbs all these elements into the narrative flow. Miss Welty includes here several personal pieces on the Southern region she inhabits and the people she grew up with: remembrances, character sketches, historical notes. She writes them all with the same brilliance that flashes through her critical reviews. Her (unobtrusive) style moves easily across the page, abounds with similes, and is warmed by passion.

LAURIE PROTHRO

VAN DEN HAAG

(Continued from page 231)

thought." But cultural evolution, Hayek stresses, is not a "product of rational thought," nor genetically determined, and it constitutes a third source of value not reducible to the other two. It is cultural evolution which leads to "spontaneous order," which is neither rationally designed, nor genetic. Such an order is exemplified by the free market, or by language (certainly two phenomena that are neither genetically determined, nor rationally designed), and indeed by many of our actual institutions. I have no doubt that Hayek is on the right track here (although his views may not be as incompatible as he thinks with sociobiology, which he interprets rather narrowly). Hayek goes on to analyze brilliantly "the illusion of social justice," which leads the prophets of socialism to prefer their "rational" design to the market. They perceive the market as "chaos" or "anarchy" because they cannot understand the notion of spontaneous self-regulating order which Hayek so rightly stresses.

Hayek deplores "the destruction of irreplaceable values by scientific error," for which he blames Positivists, sociologists, and Sigmund Freud. I deplore that destruction as much as he does. But he distributes the blame for it somewhat indiscriminately. Thus Hayek quotes the Canadian psychiatrist Dr. G. B. Chisolm (who became Secretary of the World Health Organization) as advocating "the eradication of the concept of right and wrong which has been the basis of child training, the substitution of intelligent and rational thinking for faith . . ." No doubt the man was foolish. But he was not a psychoanalyst. Freud is not to be blamed for him.

Nor is there any reason to attribute the permissiveness Hayek deplores, as I do, to psychoanalysis or, for that matter, to sociology. (Although I have to admit that the proportion of silly people attracted to sociology and even to peculiar versions of psychoanalysis is higher than the proportion in the general population.) It is true that psychoanalysts (or sociologists) *as such* make no moral or legal judgments. But if a physician cures a person's syphilis it does not mean that he approves of his patient's getting it, or is permissive. It means only that he is doing his job. To study a subject and explain how it develops—even to treat it so as to fulfill a person's or group's wishes—is not to approve or disapprove. It is to study, and to do the job for which one was hired. That sociobiologists, sociologists, psychologists, et al. often hold silly opinions, and justify them on the basis of their science, does discredit to them but not to the science, unless it can be shown that the silliness inheres in it. Hayek did not show this. But he did offer a rich, stimulating, and lucid paper for which we are all in his debt. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Case against Reagan

On The Right

New York, Jan. 17—My brothers on the *Washington Star* have called on the Republican Party to "derail Ronald Reagan," on the curious grounds that he is clearly the front-runner. This is no doubt a prejudiced way to state the case, leaving out as it does the principal contention of the *Star*, which will be echoed from coast to coast in the months to come. It is this: that although Ronald Reagan may be the most popular Republican in the country, he would if nominated lose drastically to his Democratic opponent, thus setting back the Republican Party as it was set back in 1964 when it nominated Barry Goldwater; and this time, they warn, the Republican Party might be knocked right out of history.

This string of propositions bears early-bird analysis.

To begin: There appears to be little doubt that Reagan is indeed the most popular Republican. A few days ago the *Los Angeles Times* released the results from two polls, one of them concentrating on New Hampshire, the second on the nation at large. In New Hampshire, Reagan led the field with 37 per cent of the Republican vote. Next came Ford with 36 per cent. There followed: Baker (11 per cent), Crane (4 per cent), Dole (3 per cent), Bush (2 per cent), Not Sure (7 per cent). The national poll showed Reagan second (with 33 per cent to Ford's 40 per cent), and the other candidates following in much the same order, with approximately the same backing.

Now, the vote for Ford is, in the judgment of most of the professionals, a vote for an ex-President. It would appear from Mr. Ford's own tentativeness that he recognizes that, under the strain of a primary contest, his strength would largely evaporate. Mr. Ford would be renominated by the Republicans only in a deadlocked convention, which isn't going to happen. The next poll should ask of Ford supporters: To whom will you go, if Ford does not run? Assuming the distribution of the Ford vote goes proportionately, Reagan emerges with a clear majority.

Now the factor of age, cited by the *Washington Star* as disqualifying—though in a dispirited sentence that sounds as if it might have been written by an old man ("He'll be 69 before the first primary in New Hampshire and close to 70 by the general election. His will be an age at which politicians generally acknowledge that their physical energies would be sorely taxed by presidential responsibilities"). To begin with, anybody's physical energies would be sorely taxed by presidential responsibilities, and by that standard Muhammad Ali could be said to be too old to take on the job. One has to look about the real world—and one sees that the man running China and apparently changing the course of Chinese history is 74; that we have lived in a postwar world dominated by Churchill, Stalin, de Gaulle, Adenauer, Mao, and Eisenhower, all of whom were older than Reagan when exercising full responsibility. The *Los Angeles Times* poll finds the voters far less fretful on the matter than the editors of the *Washington Star*. Only a quarter of the Republicans think Reagan too old to run (which doesn't mean they wouldn't vote for him if he were nominated); and only 5 per cent would be affected by a pledge to run for only a single term.

The gravamen of the *Star*'s case is the old business about the divisiveness of a Reagan candidacy—a candidacy which "would again polarize the electorate to the GOP's disadvantage." There is no doubt that this charge will be leveled again and again. It is insubstantial for two reasons.

The first of these is that Reagan is not running against Republican liberals. In 1980 there will be no equivalent of Nelson Rockefeller in 1964, who sharply distinguished himself from the conservative branch of the Republican Party. There are liberal Republicans all right, but for the very best of reasons none of them is running for President: they wouldn't get any votes. (Imagine what would happen to Senator Mark Hatfield, or Mac Mathias, or Jacob Javits, running for President in New Hampshire.)

This alone undermines the argument that the selection of Reagan would be singularly provocative. The Democrats expect to fight a Republican conservative, and will be doing so. But what surely weakens the contention most is the record of Reagan as an overwhelmingly popular governor in a solidly Democratic state. Even when he had no direct political experience he won by over a million-vote majority. More important, he still maintained huge Democratic support after four years of exercising power. Governor Jerry Brown's recent inaugural address to the legislature of the State of California suggests that reforms initiated by Reagan, far from appearing to be extreme, are pledges whose cogency is ratified by experience. Governor Brown's address to the legislature might have been written and delivered by Governor Reagan.

What is it that bugs people about Reagan? It is his singular polemical skill, his capacity to penetrate bad arguments, and to leave his political enemies twisting slowly, slowly in the wind. There was not much left of Senator George McGovern after Reagan's speech in Miami in 1972. As much, by the way, can be said for the polemical skills of John Connally. Strong opponents create bitter enemies. Look at FDR, one of the most skillful polemicists of the century. They ended up hating him. But they were a minority; and all Reagan is asking for in the election of 1980 is a simple majority. □

MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY?

New York, Jan. 22—Why not? What are the arguments against it? It is true, as Mark Antony told the mob, that the good is often interred with our bones, while only our transgressions survive. Some of Martin Luther King's transgressions survive on magnetic tape, courtesy of the FBI, ordered by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. Such transgressions may be relevant when the question is beatification, but not, really, otherwise.

There were other transgressions, other than of the flesh. One would not want to be a citizen of a republic whose constitution incorporated the principles of civil disobedience propounded by Martin Luther King on those occasions when his exhortations slipped into overdrive. Using the King formula, you could go on to say that Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of Robert Kennedy was nothing more than an act of civil disobedience, serving the requirements of an exigent conscience.

Nor would a satisfactory history be written on the universality of Martin Lu-

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ther King's human concern. When it was black men persecuting white or black men —in the Congo, for instance—he was strangely silent on the subject of human rights. The human rights of Chinese, or of Caucasians living behind the Iron Curtain, never appeared to move him. His thunder was a targeted thunder. When he discovered a concern for others, that concern was ideologically tendentious. He compared Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy in Vietnam to that of Hitler against the Jews. But it is not being said that Martin Luther King would have made a great Secretary of State.

It is dimly remembered that in the fall of 1969 President Nixon was in communication with Mrs. Martin Luther King on the subject of a suitable federal memorial for her husband. Mrs. King broke off those communications in a regrettable way. She said she had detected in the Nixon Administration "an indifferent attitude" toward black and poor people. "We felt that to get federal support for a memorial would have been a beautiful thing . . . but President Nixon's attitude, his lack of real concern, suggests that his Administration is motivated by racist attitudes."

THAT KIND of talk is jarring to the ear. It is as unattractive aimed at white people when spoken by blacks, as when aimed at blacks, spoken by whites. The fact of the matter is that it is precisely a gesture based on race that brings us now to consider a national holiday to celebrate the birth date of Martin Luther King.

It is not widely known that the Federal Government has no jurisdiction to propose "national holidays." What it may do is propose them for the District of Columbia and for all federal employees. Almost inevitably, the individual states go along. There are only two existing federal legal public holidays in honor of historical figures. They are for Washington and Columbus. (The other holidays: New Year's, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Veterans' Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas.) Lincoln's birthday is not a federal legal holiday. It can be argued that the man who wrote the Emancipation Proclamation 116 years ago deserves the federal works. That he should be passed over in favor of Martin Luther King is a conciliatory gesture aimed at black Americans and entirely defensible on those grounds: but that those are the grounds need not be concealed.

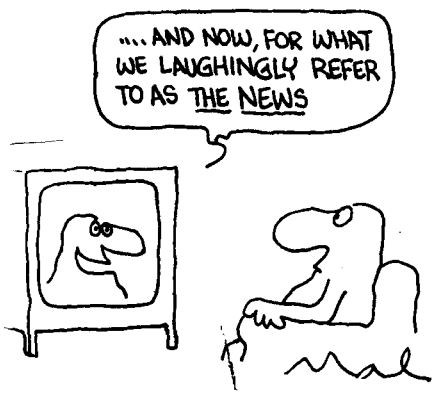
Martin Luther King is the black American who consummated the civil war Abraham Lincoln undertook, largely animated by his belief in metaphysical equality. A gesture of recognition—of King's courage, of the galvanizing quality of a rhetoric that sought out a reification of the dream of brotherhood—is consistent with the ideals of the country, and a salute to a race of people greatly oppressed during much of U.S. history. □

GRAPPLING WITH THE NEW REALISM

New York, Jan. 28—"You cannot ignore 800 million people" became the favorite liberal cliché of the postwar generation. Many clichés, as everyone knows, begin as aphorisms. Others, even if born without original sin, are fiction. They are popularized by a number of factors, principal among them ideological opportunism. Inasmuch as, in the United States, most verbalists are baptized in liberalism, Left-clichés are, typically, given the most currency. Right-wing aphorisms wither away on golden vines. How many Americans are familiar with the solemn declaration of M. Stanton Evans: "Any country that can land a man on the moon can abolish the income tax"?

What we are now in fact preparing to do is precisely to ignore 800 million people. This may sound paradoxical, now that we are setting up in Peking with a full ambassador and staff. But the cliché didn't refer to ignoring the *rulers* of 800 million people—we never ignored Mao Tse-tung. We wrote books about him, fought his armies in Korea, sent aid and ammunition to the people in Taiwan fortunate enough to escape his tyranny; we fashioned a policy in Indochina carefully tailored to avoid provoking him. The 800 million Chinese had the unusual distinction of the refusal of the U.S. Government to recognize the legitimacy of the men who tyrannized over them. Our leaders frequently and publicly bemoaned the plight of the 800 million Chinese.

We will now ignore the 800 million Chinese, so to speak, officially. It is now absolutely safe to predict that U.S. Government officials will *never* again refer to the plight of 800 million Chinese. That is only the beginning. Of more particular interest is the posture of Christian evangelism. During the nineteenth century, as we all know, generations of American missionaries invested lifetimes of effort, of love and sacrifice, to bring to the Chinese some of those transcendent truths the adoption of which would have made impossible the horrible practices of Mao Tse-tung. After all, what would the Thoughts of Chairman Mao have done if confronted with the overarching commandment, "Thou shalt not kill"? No killee—no thoughtee. It is not surprising that the subject has come up, and we have now heard from Dr. Eugene Stockwell, associate general secretary of the National Council of the Churches of Christ. He is not sanguine about the prospect of reviving missionary endeavor among the 800 million people we are officially now not ignoring. "While our Western image of Jesus is as the Son of God," Dr. Stockwell explains, "the Chinese think of Jesus in terms of gunboat diplomacy."



"The hope among missionary officials," writes George Vecsey in a *New York Times* dispatch, "is that if the Chinese are willing to let in Coca-Cola and Pierre Cardin, then perhaps the Chinese might be allowed to observe some religious faith." That would appear to be reasonable—which is one of the reasons why it will not happen, barring counter-revolution in China, which is improbable. They may be ready to drink Coca-Cola, but certainly not to read the Bible. Shall we then ignore 800 million people?

"The first step," says Dr. Wade Coggins of the Evangelical Foreign Missions Association, "is that existing believers must come out of the woodwork." Existing believers, after 25 years of Mao, have got to do better than that: they have to come out of their graves. Dr. Coggins goes on to explain: "We hear reports of people meeting in small groups in rural areas, or mountains, in the woods. These people must do it themselves." In other words, we must ignore them. Besides, Chinese Christians are . . . different. The *Times* summarizes, "Westerners must not expect them to sound like American preachers, said Dr. Stockwell, who has recently traveled in China. 'I met Bishop K. H. Ting, the Anglican bishop for Nanking and president of the Nanking Theological Seminary,' Dr. Stockwell recalled. 'Americans must be aware that Bishop Ting is a loyal Chinese Marxist.'" That is on the order of discovering, in Hitler's Germany, a loyal Nazi rabbi.

From time to time, now that President Carter has decided we must not ignore 800 million people any more, we should make it our business to discover in what fashion we are practicing that resolution. Perhaps President Carter could send over to Peking Mrs. Martin Luther King, to argue there for equal rights without regard for race, color, creed, or previous condition of servitude. That would include 800 million Chinese. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A one-eyed giant — 13 22 89 120 170 105 133

B. A monosaccharide containing seven carbon atoms in a molecule — 24 6 180 48 151 175 65

C. Archaic term for a resident of an African nation (one of two sp.) — 30 1 106 118 181 43 138

D. An astringent and hemostatic remedy — 95 23 32 124 90 107 52

E. A communicable disease suffered by animals as well as people — 37 68 127 113 188 3 152

F. Young men — 44 61 57 114 102 4 182

G. An old-fashioned writing desk — 60 157 108 91 69 176 137

H. Having three heads — 67 8 34 98 25 84 116

I. Extremely taciturn persons — 81 26 35 46 51 62 7

J. The president of Tanzania — 177 76 9 45 58 93 123

K. To perplex someone's mind — 54 47 183 99 59 87 131

L. One who encourages and assists (one of two sp.) — 71 50 184 140 142 94 129

M. Redundancy — 189 100 27 121 144 130 141

N. In consequence of which — 146 36 28 125 153 178 101

O. A state of extreme depression or apprehension — 2 42 66 82 49 86 10

P. Surpass — 17 5 128 29 104 109 11

Q. Caprice (one of two sp.) — 33 38 147 77 110 12 158

R. A try — 132 14 150 39 80 96 155

S. A ram's horn blown at certain Jewish services (one of two sp.) — 154 160 111 172 143 169 135

T. Scutiform — 159 70 79 16 53 166 117

U. Two women + a men's organization = a sweet thing — 74 55 139 185 149 83 145

V. Totally — 103 56 72 85 156 31 165

W. A game official — 115 88 171 97 174 168 163

X. Prisoners sent here by the Russians can't do much running — 119 73 161 112 18 173 186

Y. An American mathematician (1803-1853) — 167 63 40 15 179 19 164

Z. To take a favorable view — 78 64 134 20 126 162 75

a. A supporter of Edward IV, Edward V, or Richard III — 92 136 41 122 187 148 21

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 254 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 C	2 O	3 E	4 F	5 P	6 B	7 I		8 H	9 J	10 O	11 P	12 Q	13 A	14 R	
15 Y	16 T	17 P	18 X	19 Y	20 Z	21 a	22 A		23 D	24 B	25 H	26 I		27 M	28 N
29 P	30 C	31 V	32 D		33 Q	34 H	35 I	36 N		37 E	38 Q	39 R		40 Y	41 a
42 O	43 C	44 F	45 J	46 I	47 K		48 B	49 O		50 L	51 I	52 D	53 T	54 K	55 U
	56 V	57 F	58 J	59 K	60 G		61 F	62 I	63 Y	64 Z	65 B	66 O	67 H	68 E	
69 G	70 T	71 L	72 V		73 X	74 U	75 Z	76 J		77 Q	78 Z	79 T		80 R	81 I
82 O	83 U		84 H	85 V	86 O	87 K	88 W	89 A	90 D	91 G	92 a		93 J	94 L	95 D
96 R	97 W	98 H	99 K		100M	101N		102F	103V	104P		105A	106C	107D	108G
109P	110Q	111S	112X	113E	114F	115W	116H		117T	118C	119X	120A	121M	122a	123J
	124D	125N	126Z	127E	128P	129L	130M	131K		132R	133A		134Z	135S	136a
137G	138C	139U	140L	141M		142L	143S	144M	145U		146N	147Q	148a	149U	
150R	151B		152E	153N	154S	155R	156V	157G	158Q		159T	160S	161X		162Z
163W	164Y	165V		166T	167Y	168W	169S		170A	171W		172S	173X	174W	175B
176G	177J	178N	179Y		180B	181C	182F	183K	184L	185U	186X	187a	188E	189M	

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In making the "same" drug, different companies may exercise different levels of skill and care. They formulate and manufacture the "same" product differently.

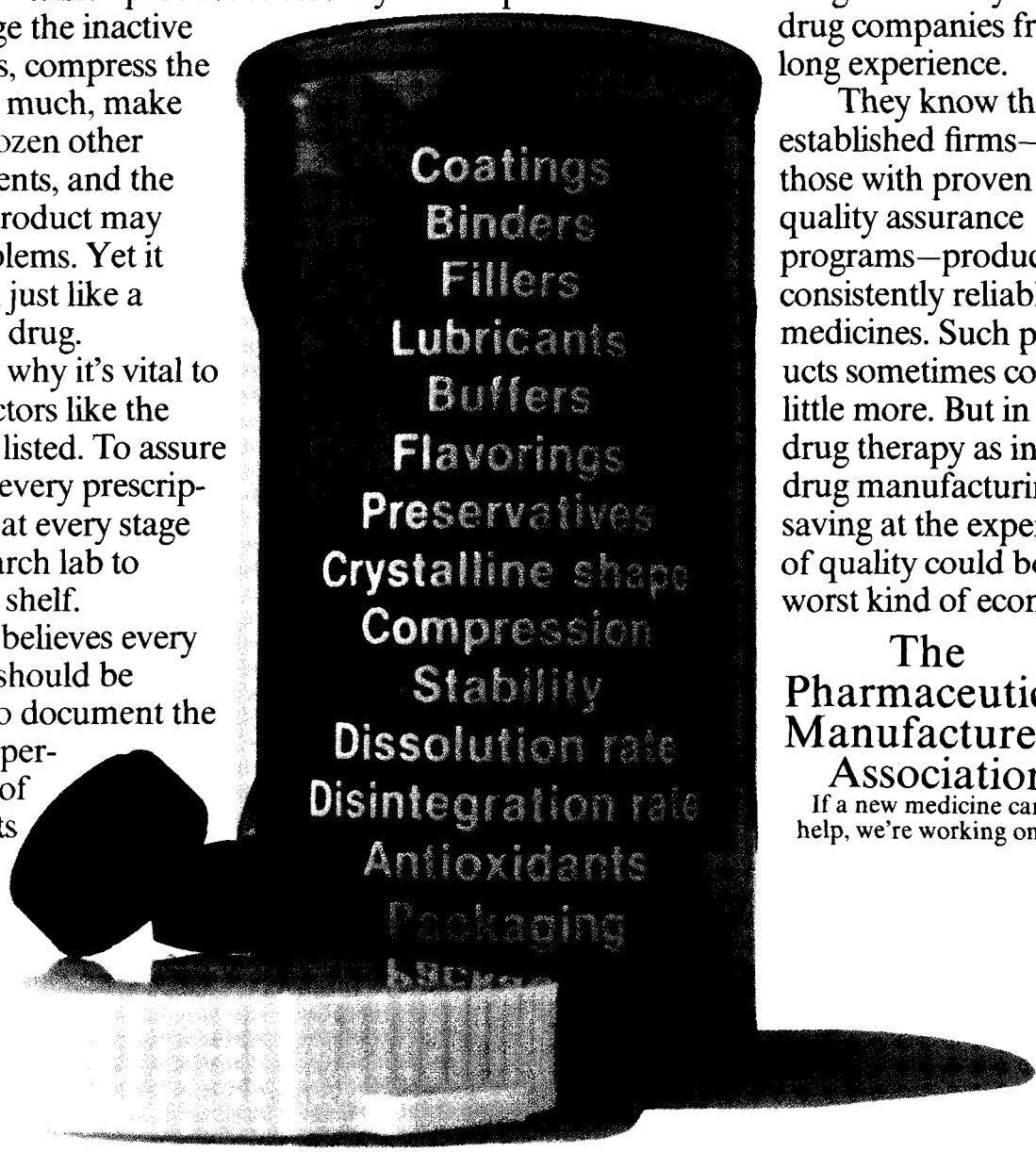
Change the inactive ingredients, compress the tablets too much, make any of a dozen other misjudgments, and the resulting product may cause problems. Yet it could look just like a well-made drug.

That's why it's vital to control factors like the few we've listed. To assure quality in every prescription drug, at every stage from research lab to pharmacy shelf.

PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

With your health at stake, you may want to know more. Please write for our "Key Facts" booklet. It's free.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. NR-902, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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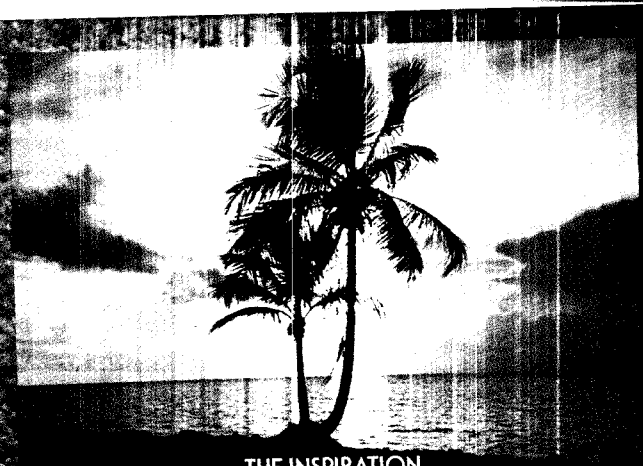

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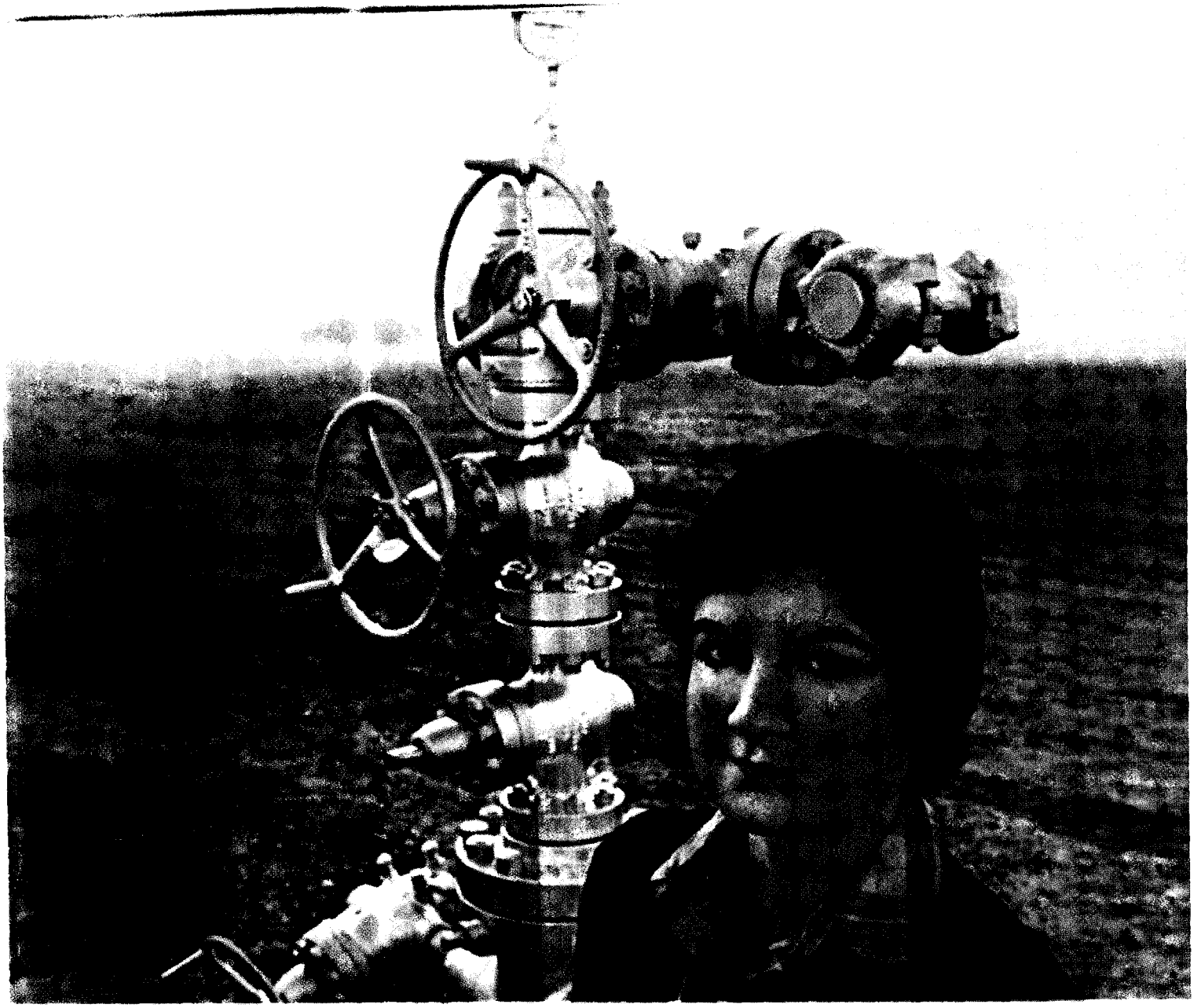

Twenty million years ago, the site of Marsha's discovery was a seashore. Now it's 40 miles from the sea, and half a mile down.

Marsha Green took a closer look at a 20-million-year-old seashore and found this new gas field.

For geologist Marsha Green, it was a case of reviewing the evidence just one more time and coming up a winner. After only two years with Gulf Oil, Marsha discovered a new and untapped gas field.

Spotted a trend

Her find was near Victoria, Texas, which 20 million years ago was a seashore, rich in the marine life that creates natural gas.

There were plenty of producing wells in this general area. The drilling record of each one tells a geologist something new about the earth's structure.

Marsha pored over these records. And she began to spot a trend.

Textbook curve

Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill five exploratory wells. Four were dry. But on one, the instrument that detects natural gas went right off the scale. "A real textbook curve," Marsha says.

Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill a series of exploratory wells.

Such moments are rare. But Marsha is a dedicated professional. "I like to try to figure out what happened millions of years ago," she says, "and put the whole picture together."

Marsha Green. One of 52,000 Gulf people, meeting the challenge.

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation.

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